

# The Listener

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'King John's Palace, Eltham', by Turner, a watercolour at the Whitechapel Art Gallery (see page 316)

In this number:

Stalin as an Economist (Ronald L. Meek)

Down the East Coast of Spain (V. S. Pritchett)

The Dutch 'Little Masters' (Sir Philip Hendy)





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# The Listener

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## Opening the Greater European Market

By CHARLES JANSON

**F**EBRUARY 10 was an important date in European economic history. It marked the opening of a free trade area, in three vital raw materials, stretching from the Hook of Holland to Sicily, and from the Pyrenees to where the Iron Curtain hangs across Germany. This territory contains a population of 155,000,000 consumers, roughly equal to that of the United States. Spiritually and materially the area was, with our own island, the heart and the springboard of the Old World in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. None of the six powers of the European Coal and Steel Community—France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium or Luxembourg—is individually a major world force. The group includes three ex-imperial nations whose energies and productive capacities are now confined to the homeland. France, which retains its world-wide empire, has been so weakened by wars and social unrest that it is only by perseverance and American aid that she remains an imperial metropolis. Belgium and Luxembourg, happily joined in a customs union, are, as it were, the rich country cousins who have thrown in their lot with the impoverished grandees.

The European Coal and Steel Community came into being last August. Its High Authority set up its headquarters in Luxembourg under the chairmanship of M. Jean Monnet, who is the principal author of the new European industrial Napoleonic Code. After several months of intensive internal organisation and external liaison—which included making a Joint Committee with Great Britain (we have become a kind of non-resident member of the club, as it were)—the High Authority is now getting to the real heart of its business, the economic integration of the coal and steel industries of the six member nations. On February 10 the Com-

mon Market in coal, iron-ore and scrap-iron was opened. In two months the six countries will form a common market for steel.

What is meant by a common market? When he spoke to the parliament of the Coal and Steel Community in Strasbourg a few weeks ago, M. Monnet stated that on 'opening day' there would be no more customs duties, no more quotas, no more export-restrictions, and no more double-pricing for coal, iron-ore and scrap-iron within the Community. This is a spectacular beginning: for these devices have been practised at national frontiers on and off almost everywhere for decades—some of them, moreover, by the United States, although U.S. observers have shuddered with moral indignation because they were practised by European countries. But, in fact, it is true that within trading areas such as continental western Europe, which is to a large extent a natural unit, this kind of discrimination by individual nations has had a crippling overall effect on the level of industry. You can see this in the fact that while the United States has increased its production of steel by two-thirds in the last twenty-three years and the Soviet Union has increased it *sevenfold*, the countries of the Community have only increased theirs by one fifth in the same period.

There was no genuine economic reason for this extraordinary relative decline, for western Europe possessed the richest industrial basin in the world and a skilful labour force. The paralysis was essentially due to the competitive politics of the sovereign European states. The very existence of political frontiers is enough to prevent the natural development of a region's resources because political frontiers are almost invariably economic frontiers too. The area which extends from the south of Holland to Lorraine and from the Pas de Calais to the Ruhr is so intersected by state-frontiers



that merchandise travelling along these diagonals must cross two of them. And yet, in fact, the Belgian coal-fields are only a continuation of those of northern France, and the Dutch ones of the Belgian ones. There is a similar link-up between some of the coal basins across the Belgian-German frontier and between those which were divided by the Franco-German frontier of 1939.

### Restrictive Policies

Another main component of steel is iron-ore, and that was split by the boundary between Lorraine and Luxembourg. The result of these territorial divisions has been that raw materials which should have been at the disposal of all European producers have often been restricted for the use of the nations in whose soil they happen to be. This is as true of modern government as it was of old-fashioned capitalism. The first rule of the pre-war international cartels and national industries was that the domestic market of a given country should be the preserve of that country's industry and the industries themselves protected from foreign competition by tariffs. Those were the so-called bad old days of big business influence and restrictive practices. But respectable European governments, who have been pursuing at least moderately energetic social policies since the war, have followed economic policies which had much the same stultifying effect. In the Latin countries, where there are large Communist parties, there is fear of unemployment and this leads their governments to shelter decaying industries from the slightest breath of foreign competition. At the same time, France, for instance, which desperately needs to export to the world at large, offers various kinds of disguised subsidy to her exporters, which prevent any true intra-European competition or rational investment in plant. Meanwhile a divided and depressed Germany has always the temptation to take full advantage of its superior technique and of the relative indifference of its workers to their economic conditions, and to try by any means in its power to win foreign markets and put competitors out of business. Eight years after Hitler's death fear of German economic aggression lends strength to fear of a German military revival.

The picture has been one of collective European weakness brought about by short-sighted nationalism; for when one country raises the price of its iron-ore, another that of its coal, and a third that of its scrap, the overall result is fewer and dearer raw materials and finished products. The Schuman Planners are trying to change this picture. The whole purpose of their scheme is to recover western Europe's lost industrial strength by unifying these resources which political history has fragmented. That is why the six nations have gone so far as to pool their sovereignties in communal institutions. Their precise aim is to restore something like conditions of fair competition between producers of coal and steel throughout all western Europe. As the High Authority is well aware, that is a vast programme which will take years to accomplish. How is it setting about its task?

M. Monnet's four-point abolition—no more tariffs, no more quotas, no more export restrictions and no more double-pricing—is merely a first step on a long journey. But let us consider the general effect of these first measures on the coal market as it actually is. In Europe, coal has not been subject to import duties, for the reason that since the war until recently it has been very scarce. Coal has been allocated among the various countries by technical international organisations in liaison with national governments. All countries wanted coal: the question was, what price would they have to pay for it from the foreign producer? This is where what is called double-pricing came in; that is, one price to the home consumer and another to the foreign buyer for the same thing. In some cases the governments themselves stepped in with export taxes; in others the producers themselves priced the coal for export at a considerably higher price than that charged to domestic consumers. At present there is double-pricing in Europe for coal, iron-ore, steel, and scrap. The British National

Coal Board, which has gradually re-entered the market as an exporter, also charges a higher price for export coal. This often impels the government at the receiving end to subsidise imported coal out of the budget so as to bring it into line with domestic coal. So that two economic distortions are perpetrated here.

But that is not the end of the story. Double-pricing also works in the transport systems and can lead to a fantastic result—the charging of two different rates to two parties for the same haul. This type of flagrant transport discrimination is to cease with the opening of the common market. What immediate effects the common market will have on coal prices or on the pattern of the coal trade this year I cannot pretend to know. But the object of the Schuman Plan is to ensure ultimately that consumers situated anywhere on the territory of the Community will receive coal at genuine pit-head price plus the genuine transport price from any mine anywhere within the Community.

All this means that the High Authority has before it the delicate task of impelling, or compelling, governments to non-intervene in a most sensitive sector of the economy. But although the Treaty is insisting that national subsidies shall come to an end because they only prop up declining industries and private monopolies, it does recognise that special assistance must be given temporarily to certain weaker brethren. The Belgian coal-mines, for instance, are among the least efficient of the Community, and have for several years been heavily subsidised by the Belgian Government. If this subsidy were simply to be removed one morning, Belgian coal would become crippling expensive for domestic consumers, and the result would eventually be unemployment among Belgian miners. It is therefore stipulated that for a period of five years the Belgian coal-mines shall continue to be subsidised jointly by the Belgian Government and by a levy made on the rest of the Community's heavy industry. During this time the Belgian Government has undertaken to modernise its mines and so reduce the cost of production. As it does so the rate of subsidy will gradually decrease.

### Little Danger of Casualties

In fact, it does not look as if the High Authority is going to put any of the Community's mines out of action—it will only try to modernise the inefficient ones. It is unlikely that the European demand for coal will fall—in the near future, anyway—to a point at which the high marginal mines would be unable to dispose of their stocks at their ruling prices. There seems to be still less danger of casualties among producers of iron-ore. The Community has to import more than a quarter of its consumption from abroad. France is by far the largest producer of iron-ore among the six, and she covers her own requirements as well as a large part of those of Belgium and Luxembourg. German ironmasters have so far used the richer Swedish ore, and it is uncertain how far they will substitute French ore ('Community' ore now) for this. Much will depend on the price at which French ore will be available. Scrap is now scarce in Europe and its price varies considerably between the six countries. It is probable that, following the opening of the common market, the High Authority will have to fix its price in order to prevent certain countries' supplies being drained away by higher bidders from elsewhere within the Community.

The spokesmen of the High Authority have made it clear that the opening of the greater European market is not going to mean that buyers and sellers who have never previously been in contact are suddenly confronted with each other. It is rather the starting-point of a gradual harmonisation of production, investment, wage and social insurance policies and of every aspect of the lives of the participating countries. The repercussions of the coal-steel pool will be so great that there is no logical end to it except total economic and monetary union. And, in fact, that is the avowed intention of the authors of the Plan. The establishment of the common market is merely the beginning of a vast though gradual readjustment designed to make one harmonious body out of Europe's previously warring members.—*Home Service*



# Greece's New Government

By G. S. PHYLACTOPOULOS

**O**UR elections in Greece last November gave us a new Government. A new government in Greece is not a very unusual thing; this is the twenty-fourth since the end of the war. But this time the Government may prove very different from those that preceded it. In the first place, it seems that it is here to stay. In Great Britain, where you have the two-party system, you are perhaps apt to take political stability for granted. But in Greece, where the vote of the people used to be scattered among as many as twenty-five major and minor parties, the usual state of affairs until last November was government by coalition of two or more parties of different and often conflicting platforms. Such coalition governments are extremely short-lived. The Greek Rally, which took over last November, was founded only about a year and a half ago by Field-Marshal Papagos, who hoped to rally the people in an attempt to put an end to this state of things and give Greece a strong, homogeneous, and stable government.

The Administration that preceded the present one was a coalition of two parties under General Plastiras and Mr. Venizelos, and, as governments go, it was by no means a bad one. On it were some of our most competent and patriotic men. But it was a weak and shaky government, and during the thirteen months of its existence it spent itself in a desperate struggle for survival. The two parties that together formed that coalition, backed by only thirty-six per cent. of the electorate, were obliged to perform the most incredible parliamentary acrobatics in order to retain their very slim, often precarious, and in the end questionable, margin of votes in the House. The result only too often was compromise, confusion, and indecision in the face of serious national problems requiring immediate solutions. It was obvious that such a state of affairs could not go on much longer. So, after the usual bickering and bargaining, a law establishing the absolute majority system of representation was passed, and general elections were proclaimed by an interim caretaker government.

To what extent the American Ambassador was instrumental in having that law passed is even today a matter of lively speculation in Athens. It is a fact that the American Ambassador stated repeatedly and in no uncertain terms that his Government would like to do business with any Greek government provided the latter was stable and strong enough to undertake and carry out long-range programmes of economic and administrative reform.

Whether such a statement constitutes an intolerable interference in our domestic affairs, as the communists and other interested circles loudly maintained, is, of course, another question.

The elections gave the new Greek Rally Party under Field-Marshal Papagos an overwhelming victory. Out of a total of 300 seats in the House, the Greek Rally won 239. The remaining 61 seats were divided almost equally between the Liberals and the party headed by General Plastiras. It is this unusually large majority that guarantees greater stability this time and permits one to risk the prediction that, barring unforeseen developments, this Government is here to stay for four years. There are no communist deputies in the new parliament. The E.D.A., which is the Greek Communist Party under disguise, won about ten per cent. of the scattered general vote but no seat in any constituency. This parliament is noteworthy also for the fact that the women of Greece are represented in it for the first time in Greek history. Until recently, women were allowed to vote only in local elections. The right to elect and to be elected in national elections as well, was exercised by them for the first time during a by-election in Salonica soon after the new Government took over. The winner in this by-election was a woman—the Greek Rally candidate.

In the new House, Mr. Papan-dreou, the brilliant orator of modern Greece, occupies the hybrid but extremely strategic position between the seats of the Government and those of the Opposition. Although elected under the Greek Rally ticket, gossip has it that he will try to

manoeuvre himself into the leadership of a leaderless Opposition. It that should happen, it might not be a bad thing. For Mr. Papan-dreou can be counted upon to censure the Government, if need be, and to expose its shortcomings. Besides, any censuring is sure to be expressed in his inimitable prose and well-turned epigram, that never fail in this politically-minded country to delight people, including the many who do not agree with him.

The present Government may differ from previous ones in that it may also be a strong Government. Its strength lies only partly in its stability. Its main strength is derived from the characters of the men who make up the new cabinet, and more particularly from the personalities of its two main figures: the Marshal himself, who is the new Prime Minister, and Mr. Markezinis, who is his Minister of Co-ordination and principal adviser. These two men are as different as two persons can ever be, and yet, in a sense, they complement and counterbalance each other. Marshal Papagos is a severe-looking man of seventy, with erect military bearing and a rather phlegmatic temperament. He is firm, laconic, and aloof. His word carries the halo of two victorious wars, one against fascism in 1940-41, and the other.



Field-Marshal Alexander Papagos, Prime Minister of Greece; and (left) Mr. Spiro Markezinis, Minister of Co-ordination





more recently, against communism. Little tutored in the game of political wrangling, he believes instead in the merits of discipline and military honour. It is no wonder, then, that he is not a popular politician so much as an object of respect among the people.

In contrast to the Marshal, Mr. Markezinis is a young statesman of small build and a long face with a prominent lower jaw and a pair of fiery eyes. He is one of those small men who make up for their lack of size by boiling over with energy and unpredictably original ideas. He smokes cigarettes and sips Turkish coffee incessantly, eats like a bird, and works feverishly for sixteen hours at a stretch. It is a wiry nervous system that predominates in his cerebral physique. The fact that he is writing a scholarly treatise on Machiavelli is variously interpreted by his political opponents in an effort to prove him a fiend. It is also said of him that, deep-down, he believes himself to be a superman. Whatever the truth may be, Mr. Markezinis is the great enigma, the sphinx of the Greek political scene at the present moment. Everybody is talking about him in this country these days. There are those who believe in his genius and feel that this country has at last found in him the great administrator we have been looking for all these years to reshape our economy and restore dignity to the state. And there are those who are convinced that he is a schemer and a fanatic, one of the greatest calamities that has befallen Greece in her long history. Time alone will show which section of the population is right. In the meantime, the Marshal's own record of loyal service to Greece and his known capacity for selecting the right man for the right job are perhaps sufficient guarantees that there is nothing to fear and maybe something to hope for.

In the eight years since liberation, several governments came and went. Some of them were naturally better than others. And, though all helped loyally to fight and to win a war against the Communists, none succeeded in inspiring hope and restoring faith to a troubled and frustrated nation. This was because none felt that it was strong enough to be able to rise above party interests in order to tackle the tremendously complicated problems of the country with courage and vision. Will Marshal Papagos succeed where the others have failed? He certainly has the power and the assurance of stability to do so, if only he would keep his men from having their eyes trained on the next

election. If this is too much to ask of an ordinary politician, it ought not to be too much to expect of a soldier. His victory at the polls last November acted like an injection of adrenalin to the nation's spirits. Will this effect last? The honeymoon period is running short, and, while the people are nervously expecting to see the promised reforms, the Opposition is accusing the Government of having no economic programme and of being impatient to display spectacular and dramatic effects instead of waiting to produce carefully thought-out changes. Greece's ailing economy is in need, not of short-term make-shift arrangements, but of radical and boldly unpopular measures. The material and moral wounds of the nation, after nine consecutive years of war, are enormous. From urgently needed reform in education to the balancing of the budget, the number of vital tasks that have been staring every government in the face all these years is tremendous. Take, for instance, our population problem. In this rocky land, where only about twenty per cent. of the soil is arable, a population of about 7,500,000 is increasing at the rate of about 100,000 persons each year, while no government service or other agency seems to be yet much concerned, and planned parenthood as a movement is unknown. And there are a score of momentous questions like the population problem that have not yet received the attention they deserve.

This Government seems to be fully aware that if we are to survive as a nation in this outpost of the free world, we must maintain a strong army and at the same time place our economy on a sound basis so that we may manage to live without perpetual help from abroad. Thanks to British and, later, American help, the first of these two objectives has already been accomplished. It has been accomplished by previous governments. The Greek army is experienced in battle, efficient, well-equipped, and of high morale. It is also conscious of the duties that have devolved upon it to act as Nato's sentinel in guarding the passes along the Iron Curtain to our free world.

The extent to which the present Government will use the unprecedented power given it by the Greek people at the polls to achieve in the course of the next four years our second great objective—that of stabilising our economy—will inevitably be the criterion of its success and the measure of its service to the Greek people and to our allies.

—Home Service

## The Janus Face of French Politics

By ERIC WEIL

THE amount of literature on politics, philosophical literature, in present-day France is astoundingly great—astoundingly so, even in a country where politics have nearly always been a main topic of conversation; where novels without a political flavour are rare, where literary salons have never excluded politics and political salons have always prospered. But seldom has political discussion taken such a place in French life, at least in the life of the French intellectual. At the same time French politics remain what they have been for long—a practical business, rather empirically carried out, to a large extent, not by men in parliament or by professionals but by a very competent administration. Ideas, even important ideas, are not absent from this empirical activity in politics, far from it: the different plans for European unification show it. But these ideas have nothing to do with philosophy, with political theory in the so-called higher meaning of the word: they result from the practical endeavour to find practical answers to practical questions. Philosophical thought on politics and political thinking seem to be worlds apart.

Still, that does not mean that philosophical ideologies do not lead their believers to political choices. On the contrary, everybody here takes sides and does so passionately, violently. But as soon as we look at the different schools of thought, we wonder. The Communists, of course, are united, or affirm they are. But even in this extreme case, where an ideology is embodied in a political organisation, this unity is convincing only as long as we content ourselves with looking at the organisation. If you start instead from the theory, you will find that there are lots of people who oppose the Communist Party for political reasons, but who, far from criticising it for its political philosophy, condemn it for being untrue to this philosophy—who, in other words, maintain that Marx was right, but that the Communists are betraying

him. Whatever one may think of Marx, he certainly built a coherent system, and if people who invoke his name can as easily become Communists as they may turn anti-Communists, then this ambiguity will be even stronger and more visible where the fundamental ideas are less strongly elaborated than they are in the case of Marxism. You will find Catholics on the extreme right defending (they do not do it too openly) the divine right of kings; you will find others who, for all practical purposes, and though they are condemned by the Church, are working hand-in-hand with the Communists, with the only reservation that they ask, or maybe only hope, for religious liberty; and between these extremes you will meet all the shades of the rich rainbow of French parties. The existentialists are in the same predicament: the Communists abhor them and look at them with the just scorn due to the bourgeois; but this does not prevent the most famous among them from seeing in the proletariat the vanguard of human progress and in the Communist Party the vanguard of this vanguard; while others look on communism as the arch-enemy of Christian liberty.

It is very confusing. Colonialists and anti-colonialists, nationalists and defenders of European or world government, are found sitting at the feet of any master, and every leader of a school is surrounded by pupils who are continually deducing from his principles political theses he will not even listen to. And all the time political life is going on: and on the whole, France, notwithstanding what Frenchmen are saying, does not do so badly, with a colonial empire which gives her a good deal of trouble, and a good deal of power and wealth, an army which is not as large as it was in 1914, but is probably far better than it was in 1939, an economy which has not only been reconstructed after the war, but has been and is being modernised, a production of



electrical power which is not far from being double what it was fifteen years ago, and so on.

Confusing though it is, it is understandable: understandable, though the task becomes the difficult one of explaining the discrepancy between political life and political thought in France. The roots of the phenomenon go back very deep into France's past. First of all, France is a Catholic country, and that means a country where spiritual and temporal authority were never united. This fact is decisive. For this reason, there has always been a gulf between thought and action, thought being the critic and the judge, but not, unless by accident, the father of actions, action being always undertaken against the defenders of the pure doctrine, by politicians full of distrust for what Napoleon called the *ideologues*. To the intellectual, everything done in this world—and action is always done in this world—is suspect: every policy, because it has to take into account worldly contingencies, is bad.

And that is not all. Every French revolution has ended in a disappointment: there was not more freedom under Napoleon than there had been under Louis XVI, not more justice under Louis-Philippe than under the Bourbons of the Restoration, not more social progress under Napoleon III than under Louis-Philippe. The idea, the pure idea, had judged the impure reality, its judgment had been executed, and the result proved to be as bad as the past ill, if not worse: that is cynicism of a large part of the nation, empiricism of the responsible men in parliament, government and administration, exasperated moralism and idealism of the intellectuals. The idea had ceased to be of a religious character, but had not grown less celestial in its nature, and faith in liberty, equality, and fraternity was as afraid of worldly impurities as the pure faith of the Jansenists had been.

### Cynicism in French Intellectual Life

I should like to repeat that I am speaking of the separation dividing this political life from French thought, and that you would make a very dangerous mistake if you thought that I am explaining here the realities of French politics. For French cynicism is, as well as French idealism, a phenomenon of intellectual life. In real life Frenchmen—I am afraid I shall have to surprise my British listeners—do not like to show their feelings, even to themselves, and you will find among the most devoted public servants people who, as soon as they cease to work, laugh at what they are doing and to what they are dedicating body and soul, just as you may meet real heroes who will explain to you with many *bons mots* that heroism is humbug, so that you might easily wonder when you found out one day that the same man who made you lose faith in France has not only died for his country but did so with his eyes wide open. The reason is that you hear only the people who talk, and as soon as a Frenchman talks in public he takes on the intellectual's attitude, even if he is not an intellectual by profession.

This discrepancy between life and thought in politics, between words and acts, has become wider, the gulf has become deeper, after the last French revolution. I am speaking of the Resistance movement. The greatness of this event is becoming obscured by many words, many speeches, innumerable hagiographical writings. But great it was, great morally, because there is greatness in the fighting of men and women who cannot count on the humanity or even the justice of their adversaries; great politically, because there is political greatness in fighting for a cause which you consider just, though you know that your fight will always be a very small contribution to an issue which will be decided on other battlefields; great even in a tragic sense, in so far as it was a fight not against evils, but against the evil that was the very negation of every human value. But, by its very greatness, this movement has further aggravated the traditional weaknesses of French thought in politics.

The practical results of what I have just called the last of French revolutions are tremendous. The political structure has not been modified to a very great extent; but the social and economic conditions have undergone very profound changes. And these changes were brought about by practical men in the field of practical politics, and they are what no political transformation can avoid becoming: the outcome of a series of compromises between classes, programmes, pressure groups—they are not the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. There is more equality, more freedom from pressure, social and political, more security for the individual; but they are not absolute freedom, absolute equality, absolute justice, absolute security. There is, above all, not that deeply felt unity which existed in the Resistance movement, where the royalist, the Communist, the old-fashioned liberal, the Catholic, the free-thinker,

were all of one heart and of one purpose. So the intellectual has taken up his old job again. And his thirst for purity is all the stronger for being born of a higher dream and a deeper disillusion.

So France is again showing to the world this bewildering Janus face of hers which the world cannot understand, because the men who speak in the name of France are talking business or are talking ideas; but never, or scarcely ever, do they try to find the way from absolute values to concrete measures—never do they try to do it, as long as they talk. For if it were true that the French are unable to compromise, people would long ago have lost the opportunity of saying so, because there would be no France by now. The French are very able to compromise; but they never have admitted the idea of compromise into the vocabulary of their political theories.

Whether that is a sound and healthy thing or not, is another question. What I am trying to do is to show what the thing is before touching the problem of its value. There is certainly something disquieting in this separation of political thought and political action. It certainly is not good if everything in the field of political realities is, by a kind of foregone conclusion, considered as insufficient and base. It is not sound if the most intelligent and the best educated parts of a nation refuse, as a rule, to consider the consequences of what they are proposing, and content themselves with affirming abstract principles, principles which no practical statesman would be able to live up to. It is disquieting when this part of a nation does satisfy itself by protesting without accepting the corresponding task of finding out how you can replace what you want to abrogate; in the long run, knowingly or not, you will stand up, not against this or that institution, but against institutions themselves, and you will have purified politics to such an extent that you will have destroyed the very fundamental of every policy—or (and that would be quite as dangerous) you justify any policy because your principles admit an indefinite series of mutually exclusive interpretations.

The real danger is, in short, that political life becomes in this way the exclusive property of the professional politician and that all ideas become disqualified. But this danger finds its counter-poison in the same drug which engendered it. It seems very improbable that Frenchmen will ever lose their innate sense of reality and their taste for very worldly politics. Not all Frenchmen are intellectuals—and not all intellectuals have ceased to be heirs of the old Mediterranean love of politics, as practised on the *agora* and the *forum*; great principles and philosophical criticism, are, to quote the vigorous saying of an old stoic, like that soul nature gave to the pig instead of salt to preserve it from rotting. What, taken in itself, is purely negative in the political life of the French becomes the moral conscience which saves politics from compromise at any price, from the effrontery of chasing after empty successes and vain glories and sterile grandeur. Nobody can live by salt alone; but if you have a good cook, the people who trade only in salt are not useless.—*Third Programme*

*Robespierre and the French Revolution*, by J. M. Thompson (English Universities Press, 7s. 6d.), is published in the series 'Teach Yourself History', the aim of which is to select a prominent personage connected with an important movement, or phase of the world's history, and interpret it through him. Mirabeau or Danton might have been chosen here, but the author has selected Robespierre, since no one else lived so fully through every experience of the Revolution, or with such a fastidious regard for its first principles. Robespierre, who 'in opposition destroyed others, and in power destroyed himself', was hardly a hero, though in the end he sacrificed his life for his ideals. 'There is no democracy but owes something to "the ideas of 1789", no charter of liberty that is not based on the Declaration of Rights, no programme of social services that does not borrow from the work of the National Assemblies. Finally, there is no idealistic or irresolute government which may not profitably study the fall of the Girondins, no dictatorship that should not be warned by the destruction of Jacobinism'. If there was too much theory among the Girondins, however, the Terror certainly did not lack vigour, but Robespierre's impractical dream of a Republic of Virtue was very imperfectly understood, and the Jacobins had to solve economic problems that were beyond their powers. The author, who is our leading authority on the French Revolution (he has already published a two-volume life of Robespierre), quotes Lord Acton's judgment on the Dictator as 'the most hateful character in the forefront of history since Machiavelli reduced to a code the wickedness of public men'. He does well to remind us that it is only since the revaluation of revolutionary history, begun by Aulard, and carried on by Mathiez, that it has been possible to attempt a more impartial and discriminating estimate of Robespierre and the Revolution. Without a sense of humour, and unendowed with the art of compromise, can Robespierre, however, be ranked with the world's greatest statesmen?



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

## Art and History

THE United Netherlands, the republic which the Princes of Orange helped to fashion after the heroic struggle against Spain, affords one of Professor Toynbee's supreme examples of his theory of 'challenge and response'. The Dutch have always been challenged by the sea, as we have so recently been reminded by the tragic floods at the beginning of this month. Their dykes have not always protected them against the elements nor has the flooding of their polders always saved them from the wrath of their human enemies. Nevertheless, in a country not rich in natural resources or highly populated, the Dutch people have built up a civilisation that has weathered the storms of nearly four centuries. Its apogee was reached in the seventeenth century. By about the middle of the eighteenth century the supreme phase of Dutch imperialism had passed. Exhausted by the wars first against the Spaniards, then the English, and finally the French, this gallant nation had to cut its coat to suit its cloth; but it can still bask happily in the glories of its past.

Some of these glories have been on view in the Royal Academy's winter exhibition which is discussed by Sir Philip Hendy in a broadcast talk printed elsewhere in this number. It is possible, as we walk past the walls bearing this vast collection, to visualise how life was lived in Holland in her golden age. More perhaps among the works of her 'little masters', of whom Sir Philip speaks, than among the great, we can see how the Dutch bourgeoisie lived and behaved, and even in a few remarkable works the visage and apparel of the poor. No one can fail to admire the magnificent portraits of the old by Rembrandt, though these, one is inclined to feel, are masterpieces outside time that ought perhaps to stand or hang on their own. But more than from the books where we read much of war and intrigue, of death and disaster, we obtain some inkling among the works of other painters (often less known) of how Dutchmen toiled and played in the days of William the Silent and Prince Frederick Henry, of De Witt and Heinsius, of Tromp and Ruyter. By grace of Adriaen van Ostade we can gaze into a peasant's home; because of the genius of Vermeer we can watch the quiet life in a village street; and thanks to the brushes of Pieter de Hooch and Ter Borch we may enter the tiled rooms behind the gables, or look in at a school or an inn as pictured by Jan Steen or Koeduyck. As Sir Philip Hendy says, 'No other people has ever left a record of itself like this'.

On the other hand, one cannot fail to be struck by the relative lack of colour in the Dutch scene. The answer may well be that this is not the Mediterranean: the painter records what he sees and feels. We cannot expect the gaieties and glamour of southern France, Italy, or Spain by the shores of the storm-swept Atlantic. One is struck by the superb technique, the perfect finish, of the paintings of the Dutch artists, but if you seek brightness, the browns and blacks of Rembrandt find little compensation even in the flowers and fruit of Van Huysum. We are gazing, we feel, at a solid, economical, and often solemn middle-class world, the world of the counting house and the Calvinist minister, where the merchant chaffers and his wife supervises the scrubbing. Challenged as the Dutch were then by the intolerance of Philip II, the pride of Louis XIV, or the competitive greed of the English, they had perforce to choose the gospel of work, fighting and prayer. Being so much a nation of Puritans ourselves, we can sympathise and understand their point of view. But sometimes, if we are human, we must sigh with a wish to escape into the warmer hues and lazy, sun-lit scenes of a southern climate.

## What They Are Saying

### The Soviet Union and Israel

THE SOVIET UNION's rupture of diplomatic relations with Israel was a principal topic of comment last week. On the day before the rupture, the Soviet home public was given the first news of the bomb outrage against the Soviet Legation in Tel Aviv in a Moscow broadcast:

A terrorist act against the Soviet Legation in Israel was committed on February 9 by ill-intentioned persons with the clear connivance of the police. . . . This vile crime was preceded by an unbridled campaign of slander against the Soviet Union with the participation of official personages in Israel who openly incited others to hostile activities against the U.S.S.R. and against the Soviet Legation in Israel.

The Moscow claim that the outrage was carried out 'with the connivance of the police' was repeated in all satellite broadcasts. Broadcasts throughout the Soviet sphere also continued to attack Zionists, Jewish 'bourgeois nationalists', and the State of Israel. A Berlin commentator spoke of the fate awaiting Zionist agents who were caught in the 'countries of socialism'. Such agents who had wormed their way into government organisations would be destroyed: all would in the end be caught. Broadcasts from Prague and Warsaw inveighed against the Israeli diplomatic missions in their countries, a Warsaw broadcast describing them as centres of espionage and sabotage.

The Israeli radio quoted numerous expressions of regret made by the nation's leaders and newspapers regarding the bomb outrage. And a broadcast from Israel in Hungarian explained:

A section of our youth which, during the underground fight against British imperialism, learned the art of making and handling explosives, finds it difficult to fit itself into the order of the law-abiding state. The overwhelming majority of youth has returned to creative work. But a certain proportion, resorting to various slogans and political ideologies as pretexts, has repeatedly tried to return to the use of physical force, in alliance with the most diverse elements of the scum of society. The participants in the outrage have sinned with unforgivable gravity against the most elementary interests of their country.

A French comment on the Soviet decision to break off diplomatic relations with Israel was quoted from the Socialist *Le Populaire*:

This action confirms the hypothesis that the purpose of Soviet anti-Semitism is on the one hand to woo the Arab world and on the other to gain sympathy with the remnants of Nazi opinion in Germany.

An Italian newspaper, however, was quoted as doubting whether the Arab States would be gullible enough to be wooed in this way. An Ankara broadcast also expressed the belief that the Arab world is sufficiently shrewd to realise the danger of entering into close association with the Soviet Union. From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted for the opinion that, in view of the hostility between the Arab States and Israel, many Arabs may well be emotionally gratified with the Russian move. At any rate, it would make the middle east, 'a vital area in the cold war', more critical than before.

Broadcasts from Moscow and the satellite states last week showed an intensification of the calls for vigilance against enemies within and without. *Pravda* emphasised that it would be necessary to maintain in their full strength those organs of the Soviet State designed to 'guard the internal and external security of the country, the creative work of the people, their liberty and independence'. Soviet youth were told in a broadcast quotation from their youth paper that the watchword must be 'vigilance, vigilance, and more vigilance!', since:

In their feverish preparations for a new world war, American imperialists are increasing the number of their snoopers sent to the U.S.S.R. and the people's democracies and are attempting to set up in the U.S.S.R. a subversive fifth column.

Soviet youth must also remember Zhdanov's words in 1938, that enemies of the people had found a weak spot in the Komsomol by proclaiming 'private life to be a private affair'. Such enemies had sought to 'corrupt Komsomol cadres by means of sprees, boon companionship, and chummy relationships'. In Rumania a trial of twenty-four people in the oil centre of Ploesti was staged in order to stress the need for vigilance and the need to train party men with the necessary skill to replace unreliable specialists. In Czechoslovakia government leaders broadcast exhortation to the workers to remedy shortcomings in industry. The common denominator of most shortcomings was 'lack of state and working discipline from top to bottom'. Not only must the quantity of production increase, but also the quality; the Minister of Light Industry threatened that factories were 'under no obligation to pay wages to workers producing faulty goods'.



# Did You Hear That?

## HELP FOR THE FRENCH FILM INDUSTRY

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED, according to THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, that the French film industry is on its feet again, though still in need of some help. Cadett spoke about this in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'A law providing financial support for the producers and their associates', he said, 'was passed in 1948. The revenue came from an additional tax on cinema seats and the footage tax on the completed film. This fund was earmarked for helping to make new films, and it was given to producers whose films had already made money in proportion to the amount that their last film had earned. So, for example, if a producer's previous film had earned, say £200,000, he received a grant of £14,000—the proportion being seven per cent. That law expired recently and a new Bill is now before Parliament. It still provides for the extra tax on seats and the footage tax, but it has in mind not so much mere financial aid to producers as the development of the industry as a whole. For example, films of particularly high quality will, if the Bill is passed, earn an extra bonus for the producer. A special jury will be set up to decide what films come into this category. This means that a producer who has turned out a work of art, but not a very profitable one from the box office point of view, will have a chance of carrying on. Another provision of the new law increases the amount of money that a producer must himself put into a film, so that he will be discouraged from wasting money.

'One encouraging sign of vitality in the industry has been the recent increase in the amount of money earned by French films abroad. Last year these receipts amounted to over £1,500,000, and that was nearly a quarter of a million pounds more than in 1951, whereas in the five years before that the annual revenue from abroad averaged only £600,000. It is generally agreed, however, that there are too many producers, a jump from 188 in 1948 to 300 in 1951, with hardly any increase in the number of films turned out. However, the new legislation is expected to encourage the best and discourage the mediocre or bad. And how good the best can be is already clear enough'.

## THE APPEAL OF THE DOLOMITES

Preparations are now being made for the next series of winter Olympic Games in the Dolomites. MICHAEL ADAMS gave some impressions of this area in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Although', he said, 'when I came to the Dolomites it was at the end of a year's wandering which had taken me to the French Alps, and the Apennines, the mountains of Macedonia, the wild ranges of the Epirus, in western Greece, and the Taurus mountains along the south coast of Turkey, I found the Dolomites were different from all these—strikingly different—and in two ways especially. First of all, in shape: the peaks of the Dolomites are not just steep, they are nearly all precipitous, so that you find yourself surrounded by strange and exciting walls and towers and turrets of rock, which look for all the world like a system of fortifications built by giants in some remote age, much damaged in sieges and sorties throughout the centuries, but still immensely powerful and impressive.

In reality, they are not exceptionally high, and there are only a handful of peaks of over 10,000 feet in the Dolomites. But because they are so abrupt, rising in places almost vertically for 1,000 feet, you get a much more forceful impression of height than you do elsewhere, where a peak is more the logical culmination of a group of mountains, built up step by step, from buttresses thrusting out on all sides into the valleys, and providing a wide basis for the rocky superstructure.

'I thought that the Dolomites look frighteningly difficult to climb, but

then I am no rock climber, and the experts tell me that in fact they are not particularly difficult. The fact that they are so jagged helps because it provides countless holds for hand and foot, and pinnacles round which you can anchor a rope. Also the rock is less friable, less prone to crumble under the climber's weight than the ordinary limestone. For the rock of which the Dolomites are made up is different from that of the other European ranges, and this brings me to the second



Catinaccia, a favourite mountain for climbers in the Dolomites

distinctive feature of these mountains. For some reason which no one has satisfactorily explained, but which seems to be due to the nature of the rock (magnesium limestone) the Dolomites reflect all the colour in the atmosphere about them, and change colour in the most melodramatic way, as the angle of the sun changes throughout the day. The same peak or wall of rock may be orange or brown in the morning, pale blue at mid-day, and later, red, deepening to a vivid flame colour as the sun leaves the valleys in the evening. And to wind up the day, with the lights coming on below you out of the evening haze, and a distant peak still glowing like a flame against the pale sky ahead, is to know something beyond the ordinary joys of skiing. And I do not know that you can ask much more of life than that'.

## MARIE LLOYD ON A WHITE HORSE

In a Home Service talk FREDERICK WILLIS recalled memories of Camberwell at the end of last century.

'Camberwell', he said, 'had two theatres; the Theatre Metropole, small and charming, so charming that Bernard Shaw said it was better than the West End at half the price. The other theatre was the Crown, so large and imposing that the proscenium opening was only a foot or two smaller than Drury Lane and the depth of the stage was such that it could, and did, accommodate a coach and four in one of its melodramas. The Crown always had Marie Lloyd as principal boy, and a host of stars to support her.

'Of course, all the nice girls of Camberwell had an urgent ambition to appear as members of the chorus, or show ladies, and as there were such a lot of nice girls the management could afford to be very choosy. The result was dazzling. As for the scenery—Drury Lane had to look to its laurels when the curtain went up on a Crown pantomime, I remember some scenes to this day: 'Camberwell Green in the Olden Times' for instance. We surveyed that scene of rustic delight spellbound



and we loved the good old vintage jokes that had stood the test of time. I remember one writer of pantomime "books" who so specialised in ancient jokes that he frequently aroused the management's protest. He defended himself by saying, "Look here, that joke has always raised a laugh as long as I remember—so in it goes!" No pantomime was complete without the Dame at her wash tub fishing out a very intimate and deplorable feminine garment, holding it up and exclaiming, "I'll have to give these a bit of a darn!" And, of course, the piece of wet dough landing with a smack on Alderman FitzWarren's face was indispensable.

'The pageantry was superlative. Who can ever forget Lord Mayor Marie L'oyd Whittington making her entry astride a white horse? The Crown Theatre was never guilty of anachronisms, the Lord Mayor's coach did not exist in Whittington's time. She entered amid the acclamations of the citizens, the roars of delight from the audience, the clash of bells, and the orchestra playing for all it was worth; and the white horse stood amid all this tumult and never blinked an eyelid, he was a good old trouper. He stood before the footlights with an expression on his honest face which indicated that he had a poor opinion of the lot of us. Every night we had the pleasure of seeing that horse making his way from his stable to the Crown Theatre. He trotted through the High Street majestically, past the costermongers' barrow, the flaming naphtha lamps, the rumbling horse trams and the shops, open until ten and eleven at night, twelve o'clock on Saturday. Everybody gave him a cheer and exclaimed, "There goes old Marie's charger!"'

### THE GREAT SEA SERPENT

J. S. COLMAN spoke about sea serpents in 'The Northcountryman' and gave six instances of their occurrence based on the late Commander Gould's *The Case of the Sea Serpent*.

'The first occurred at Gloucester, Massachusetts. A large sea-monster



The sea-serpent described by Erik Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, in his *Natural History of Norway* (1752). Right, the *Daedalus* sea-serpent: an engraving from *The Illustrated London News* of 1848

spent a fortnight in Gloucester Bay and was seen by pretty well all the inhabitants of the town, often from only a few boat's lengths away. The affair caused a great stir, and the Linnean Society of Boston took down evidence on oath from twelve of the most reliable witnesses. The evidence agreed moderately well, and the following description emerged: A turtle-like head as big as that of a horse; a long serpentine neck, and a body as thick as a half barrel; colour, dark chocolate brown; total length 60-80 feet; great lateral flexibility but sometimes a row of vertical humps along the back; speed 12-14 knots. In 1819, two years later, this creature, or one very like it, was seen by hundreds of people at Nahant and elsewhere on the Massachusetts coast.

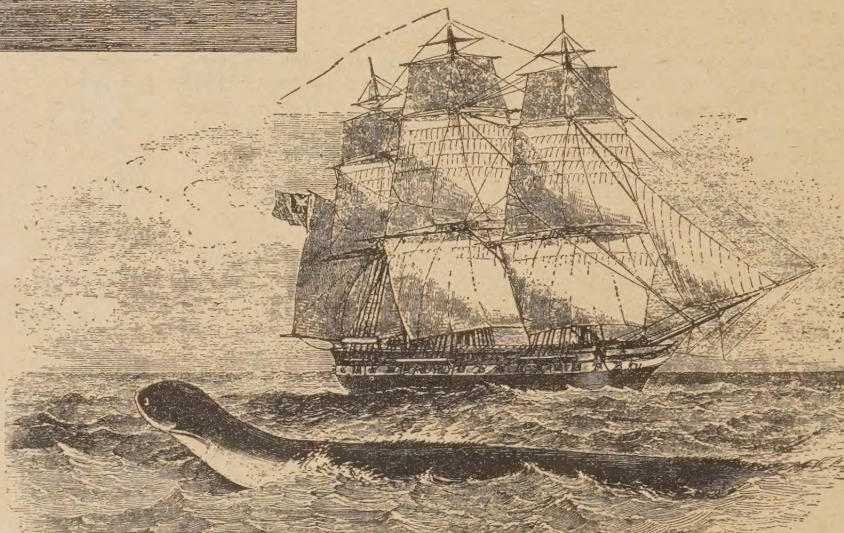
'Next comes the animal seen from H.M.S. *Daedalus*, a corvette, between Cape Town and St. Helena in 1848. It came within 200 yards of the observers (four officers and three seamen, most of the crew being at tea). This episode caused so much excitement that there was an Admiralty enquiry. The *Daedalus* monster had a lizard-like head and neck, 40-60 feet were seen at the surface and it was swimming at 12 to 14 knots. Because of the wake it left, the watchers all thought it had a bulky body beneath the surface, and, further, that it swam by means of paddles because no side-to-side movement was seen like that of a swimming snake. Its colour was dark brown above and white below the chin. A dorsal fin was mentioned but not included in the drawing made of it.

'In 1872 the Sound of Sleat (between Skye and the mainland of Scotland) was visited for several days on end by a large creature, which was seen and heard by many reliable people. It appeared as a chain of lumps extending for 60 feet or more, black or dark brown. Sometimes it raised a head which was white underneath. Some people reported a dorsal fin, and several estimated its speed again at 12 to 14 knots. In 1877 H.M.S. *Osborne*, a Royal Yacht, was steaming just north of Sicily. Suddenly those on board saw a row of fins of irregular height, 4 to 6 feet. These disappeared, but immediately an immense head, resembling an alligator's but 6 feet long, broke the surface, followed by a long, thick neck and a massive trunk, 15 feet across with flippers like those of a turtle but also 15 feet long. The animal was seen from behind, but the total length was estimated to be about 150 feet.

'The next case is perhaps the most important, as the animal was seen by two professional zoologists, named Meade-Waldo and Nicoll, who were working in Lord Crawford's yacht, *Valhalla*, off the coast of Brazil in 1905. Within 100 yards of them they saw a rubbery, dark brown dorsal fin, 4 feet long and 2 feet high, preceded by a snake-like neck, 6 to 8 feet long, and a turtle-like head, coloured brown above, white below. They could see a bulky trunk beneath the surface.

'The last case was seen from H.M.S. *Hilary* south of Iceland in 1917. Notice how closely the description tallies with some of the others. There was a rubbery dorsal fin, 20 feet of neck and a head as big as a cow's. The creature was brown above generally, and white below the chin and had a white stripe on the nose. This being war-time, remember, the monster provided a welcome target. It was sunk by gunfire, and in its death flurries it gave the impression of having a bulky body behind the neck.

'Of these six cases two stand apart. But the other four descriptions might well be of the same species of animal, whose general appearance would be something like this: a reptilian head, a long, flexible neck, a short, thick trunk probably equipped with paddles and a dorsal fin, and (from some descriptions) a tapering tail. The colour would be dark brown above, and white below the head and neck. Speed 12 to 14 knots. Total length 60 to 120 feet. This description calls to mind the plesiosaurs, those huge marine reptiles aptly described by Hans Gadow as "snakes threaded through turtles". But fortunately for this suggestion, the plesiosaurs have been extinct since the Cretaceous period,



30-50 million years ago. But have they? What about the coelacanth, which was also "known" by zoologists to be extinct—until people began catching them in South African waters? Of course the coelacanth does not in itself prove or disprove anything about the existence of plesiosaurs, but it does teach us to be careful before we jump to conclusions.

'To sum up, I believe that there is good evidence for the existence of a large animal, so far unidentified, for which the term Great Sea Serpent would do very well. Available descriptions link it with the plesiosaurs more than anything else, perhaps, and while this explanation seems highly improbable, it cannot, I think, be entirely ruled out'.



# Stalin as an Economist

By RONALD L. MEEK

**W**HEN Stalin's new article appeared in *Bolshevik* a few months ago, attention in the west, naturally enough, was mainly directed to his remarks on international relations. But international relations actually take up only about a tenth of Stalin's article. The other nine-tenths of it are directly concerned with 'Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.'—which is in fact the title of the article.

## Replies to Criticism

The immediate occasion for Stalin's intervention was a conference of Soviet economists held at the end of 1951 to discuss the first draft of a new textbook on political economy. Stalin wrote a number of 'Remarks' on various questions which came up at the conference, and these were apparently circulated among the economists concerned. The first half of Stalin's article in *Bolshevik* consists of these original 'Remarks', and the second half consists of his replies to a number of economists who had criticised them.

What Stalin tries to do in the main part of his article is to clarify the way in which economic laws operate in Soviet society, and also to formulate some of the actual economic laws appropriate to that society in its present stage of development. For this reason his article is of considerable interest to a historian of economic thought. For all the great economists of the past, men like Smith and Ricardo and Marx, were primarily concerned with doing a very similar sort of job. They assumed that their society was subject to objective economic laws, and they set out to find what these laws were and how they operated. They did not do this job in a vacuum, of course—they did it in the course of debates on contemporary opinions and policies. And this is the case with Stalin too. His statements about the economic laws of Soviet society are also, inevitably, statements about current opinions and policies in the U.S.S.R.

In Stalin's article, the word 'socialism' is used to describe the present stage of development of Soviet society. According to Marxist theory, after the termination of capitalism, society first goes through a phase called 'socialism', in which distribution is according to labour, before it passes to the phase called 'communism', in which distribution is according to need. When Stalin talks about the economic laws of socialism in the U.S.S.R., it is this first phase, in its Soviet form, which he has in mind.

The idea that socialism in this sense is subject to objective economic laws is rather a difficult one for Marxists of the older school to get straight. If you have been brought up on the classics of Marxism, you are bound to be impressed by the great contrast between the unco-ordinated character of economic processes under capitalism—which seems to make that system peculiarly subject to the tyranny of economic laws—and the planned, co-ordinated character of these processes under socialism. This contrast may well be heightened if socialism is actually introduced in your country, and the government undertakes far-reaching economic reforms. In these circumstances, certain misunderstandings may tend to arise in your mind concerning the nature of these very real differences between socialism and capitalism. You may begin to feel, perhaps, that socialism is not subject to economic laws at all. Or you may seek to extend the concept of economic law so as to include the conscious actions of the government and planning bodies. You may come to believe that under socialism mankind in one way or another is able, as it were, to make its own economic laws.

## 'Dazzled' Young People

In the U.S.S.R., ideas of this type have often been expressed by economists, particularly during the last ten years. And they have not been confined to economists by any means. For example, Stalin says in his article that thousands of enthusiastic young people, 'dazzled by the extraordinary successes of the Soviet system . . . begin to imagine the Soviet government can "do anything", that "nothing is beyond it", that it can abolish scientific laws and form new ones'. Stalin

apparently thinks that this feeling is likely to be more of a liability than an asset in the near future, because the first section of his article is in effect a criticism of this way of looking at things.

Stalin argues, in a most uncompromising way, that economic laws, whether under socialism or any other system, have a completely objective character, like the laws of nature. They 'reflect law-governed processes which operate independently of the will of man'. It is true, of course, that if man changes his social system certain old laws will lose their validity and certain new laws will come into force. But according to Stalin these new laws are 'not created by the will of man, but . . . arise from the new economic conditions'. In other words, the nature of law itself remains the same. Man can never 'abolish' or 'transform' or 'create' economic laws. He can, however, restrict the sphere of action of these laws. He can harness them, and utilise them in the interests of society. And he can do this much more effectively under socialism than under previous systems, Stalin argues, because under socialism the interests of the class which utilises the laws merge with the interests of the overwhelming majority of society.

## Basic Laws of Socialism

What divides socialism from capitalism, then, according to Stalin, is not that economic laws somehow operate in a different way under socialism. What divides them is the fact that the actual laws specific to each system are very different in content. For example, the basic law of capitalism, according to Stalin, is, in brief, the securing of the maximum capitalist profit, through exploitation at home and war and plunder abroad. The basic law of socialism, on the other hand, is said to be the securing of the maximum satisfaction of the constantly rising requirements of society, through the expansion of socialist production. But social formations are not only divided from one another by their own specific laws, says Stalin—they are also connected with one another by the economic laws common to all of them. This theme pervades a great deal of Stalin's article. And it is a theme which a historian of economic thought is bound to find significant. While you are engaged in preparing for and consolidating a new social system, I suppose you may tend to think of what you are doing in terms of that complete break with the past. The elements of difference between the old and the new systems will leap to the eye, and the elements of continuity will tend to appear relatively unimportant. Once the new system is firmly established, however, and you can take time off to turn round and look behind you, you will probably begin to see things more in perspective. You will consider more closely not only the factors which differentiate the old and the new systems, but also the ties which bind them together as different stages in the evolution of human society. Changes of emphasis of this kind have occurred before in the history of economic thought, and it seems to me, from Stalin's recent articles—not only the present one, but also his 1950 linguistics article—that something rather similar is happening in the U.S.S.R. today.

From the point-of view of the historian of economic thought, Stalin's discussion of the operation of the 'law of value' under socialism is especially instructive. In Marxist political economy, the 'law of value' summed up those economic forces which Marx believed to regulate prices in a society where independent groups of producers mutually exchanged their products on a market. In such a society, the prices of these products would tend to be automatically regulated according to certain laws. It used to be thought that the law of value in this sense applied only in pre-socialist society. In a socialist order, where productive activity is consciously controlled, it was usually said that prices would be regulated, not by the law of value, but simply by the decisions of the planning authority. In recent years, however, many Soviet economists have been arguing that the law of value does apply in the U.S.S.R. today. But their statements were often very obscure, and were generally associated with the idea that under socialism mankind can virtually make its own economic laws. Stalin's approach is quite different, and while it does not remove all the difficulties by any



means, it does seem to me to throw a considerable amount of new light on the subject.

In the U.S.S.R. today, Stalin says, there are two forms of socialist production: state, or publicly owned production, and collective farm production, which cannot really be said to be publicly owned. The reason for this, he argues, is that 'the state disposes only of the product of the state enterprises, while . . . the product of the collective farms, being their property, is disposed of only by them'. If the peasants were willing to hand over their produce directly to the state in exchange for manufactured goods, things would be different. But in fact, at least at the present time, all that most of them are willing to do is to sell their produce on a free market and buy manufactured goods with the proceeds. This is the only form of economic tie between town and country which the country will at the moment accept. The two more or less independent sectors of the economy therefore satisfy their needs by mutually exchanging their products on a market. The result is that the relative prices of town manufactures and country produce are to some extent determined by economic forces outside the control of the planning authorities—forces which are essentially similar to those which regulate prices in pre-socialist society. In other words, these prices are regulated, within certain limits, by the law of value.

### Practical Problems

Stalin's analysis here is evidently related to certain practical problems which have been arising in the sphere of Soviet price planning. 'Our business executives and planners', Stalin complains, 'with few exceptions, are poorly acquainted with the operations of the law of value'. And he gives an example of what he calls 'the confusion that still reigns in the sphere of price-fixing policy'. Some time ago, apparently, it was decided to adjust the prices of cotton and grain in the interests of cotton growing. The planners submitted a proposal according to which the price of a ton of grain was to be fixed at practically the same level as that of a ton of cotton. But this did not reflect the economic realities. In actual fact, 'cotton was generally much dearer than grain', and the adoption of the proposal would have meant, as Stalin puts it, that 'we should have ruined the cotton growers and found ourselves without cotton'. So long as there exist two more or less independent groups of producers exchanging commodities with one another, the state cannot just fix prices anywhere it likes. It has to take care that incentives are preserved and the general balance of the economy maintained.

But Stalin does not regard the reign of the law of value as either unrestrained or permanent. Even as things are, he emphasises, the sphere of operation of the law of value in the U.S.S.R. is strictly limited. Its regulating function is confined to the exchange of consumer goods between the two sectors, and the extent of its influence on production is slight. Nevertheless, the semi-independent collective farm sector, the existence of which is responsible for the continued operation of the law of value, is in a sense an incongruous feature in a socialist society. It means, broadly speaking, that government planning cannot be fully extended throughout the whole of the economy. Eventually, therefore, collective farm property must be raised to the level of public property. Stalin advocates that this should be done by means of 'gradual transitions carried out to the advantage of the collective farms'—and in particular by the gradual development of a kind of barter system between town and country. Eventually, there will be only one producer, society, which will control the whole of production and distribute the product directly to its members. The law of value, and value itself, will then finally wither away.

### Necessity for a Great Cultural Advance

We hear more about collective farm property when Stalin turns to the question of the transition of Soviet society from socialism to communism. Stalin strongly criticises the idea that 'it is only necessary to organise the productive forces rationally, and the transition to communism will take place without any particular difficulty'. It is not such a simple matter as this, says Stalin—and in particular, it is not only a technical matter. It is certainly true that a continuous expansion of all social production will be required, in order to produce an abundance of products. But it is also necessary to bring about a great cultural advance, which will require a shortening of the working day to five hours, a radical improvement of housing conditions, and at least a doubling of real wages. And, finally, a third important condition will have to be fulfilled. How can you possibly achieve either an abundance

of products or distribution according to need, asks Stalin, unless you take steps to raise collective farm property to the level of public property.

The theoretical framework in which Stalin sets his discussion of this third condition is extremely interesting. He deals with it in terms of the famous Marxist idea of a 'contradiction' between the 'relations of production' and the 'forces of production'. According to Marxist theory, the development of the 'relations of production' at any period—that is, roughly, the way in which men are related to one another in the business of getting a living—tends to lag behind the development of the 'forces of production'—that is, roughly, the tools and machines and skills which men employ. As the forces of production develop, the relations of production will eventually be altered so as to conform with them—but only after a time-lag. Certain Soviet economists have recently been saying, in effect, that this is no longer true under socialism. In the U.S.S.R., they have argued, there is no tendency for the relations of production ever to lag behind the forces of production, and there is no contradiction between them. Stalin strenuously denies this. 'There certainly are, and will be, contradictions', he says. Look at the collective farm sector, for example—the continued existence of these collective relations of production is 'already beginning to hamper the powerful development of our productive forces'. The difference between socialist and pre-socialist society in this respect, he argues, is simply that under socialism, if a correct policy is adopted, the contradictions cannot grow into 'antagonisms', and there is no chance of an internal conflict. In this way, Stalin underlines the great importance of a correct policy towards the peasantry.

If one had to sum up Stalin's article in a phrase, one could describe it, perhaps, as a confident appeal for greater realism in certain fields. Greater realism, first, in dealing with the past—in assessing the nature of the differences between socialist and pre-socialist systems. Greater realism, too, in dealing with the present—in assessing the nature of the existing relations between the working class and the peasantry in the U.S.S.R. And greater realism, finally, in dealing with the future—in assessing the nature of the preconditions for the transition from socialism to communism. This, I think, is what Mikoyan meant when he told the Nineteenth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party that Stalin's article, 'in good time, has given a cold shower to those over-enthusiastic comrades who had been carried away by our great successes'.—*Third Programme*

## The Young Princes

There was a time: we were young princelings then  
In artless state, with brows as bright and clear  
As morning light on a new morning land.  
We gave and took with innocent hands, not knowing  
If we were rich or poor, or thinking at all  
Of yours or mine; we were newcomers still,  
And to have asked the use of that or this,  
Its price, commodity, profit would have been  
Discourtesy to it and shame to us.  
We saw the earth stretched out to us in welcome,  
But in our hearts we were the welcomers,  
And so were courteous to all that was  
In high simplicity and natural pride  
To be so hailed and greeted with such glory  
(Like absentminded kings who are proffered all  
And need not have a penny in their pockets).  
And when the elders told the ancestral stories,  
Even as they spoke we knew the characters,  
The good and bad, the simple and the sly, the heroes,  
Each in his place, and chance that turns the tale  
To grief or joy; we saw and accepted all.  
Then in the irreversible noonday came,  
Showering its darts into our open breasts,  
Doubt that kills courtesy and gratitude.  
Since then we have led our dull discourteous lives,  
Heaven doubting and earth doubting. Earth and heaven  
Bent to our menial use. And yet sometimes  
We still, as through a dream that comes and goes,  
Know what we are, remembering what we were.

EDWIN MUIR



# Down the East Coast of Spain

The first of two talks by V. S. PRITCHETT

ONE can always pick out the Spaniards on the train going southward across France to Irun or Barcelona; I mean, one easily distinguishes them from the French or the Italians. The Spanish men are quieter and their clothes fit them. A sober, well-conducted collection of people, they seem to have nothing on their minds; they are indifferent, on the surface, to the country they are passing through, and in their hearts they are hostile to it, but are too idle to say so. They look proud, but without being consequential or aggressive, and their lack of curiosity is a religion—a tragic one, if you watch them long enough. I know it is ridiculous to generalise about a dozen people seen in a train, but the difference from the busy, nervous, enquiring, pushing European is so striking and mysterious, that one has got to try to define it; and, like the Russians, the Spaniards have driven a good many people mad in their time. They are as reserved and as self-centred as the English are; intensely individual, they hide behind conventional sentences. It is their indifference one comes back to. What are they thinking about? I think the fundamental answer is—nothing. Or—and it is the same thing—they are thinking of death.

So much of their literature and art is concerned with death, that I am sure one is not far wrong about this. There was that old man who at two in the morning was still looking after the car park in one of those terrible, wearily wide streets in Barcelona. He was stating how low his wages were, as every worker does in Spain now: stating,



Barcelona: flats designed by Gaudí; and (left) street scene



I say, not whining; appalled, sardonic, resigned but never cringing. I think he said he earned seventeen pesetas a day—it would have been far lower in the south—but what struck me was his manner of saying it. 'A wage', he said, 'on which one can die with dignity'. He had that art, which so many Spaniards have, of uttering cynical epitaphs on their experience and his metaphor was typical. Galdós is the only Spanish writer to ridicule his countrymen's taste for the mortuary; it haunts the European traveller everywhere in Spain and it is profound. I remember four ridiculous but, still, rather affecting daubs representing the life and death of the bull-fighter Manolete in the back room of a bar. First, on one wall, the bull that killed Manolete; then the goring of Manolete; Manolete expiring in hospital; and the final picture, popular surrealism, of a stream of blood and Manolete in his tomb with a naked woman clawing voluptuously in grief upon the stone. There, crudely, were the elements of a characteristic mythology; the popular aspect of what El Greco did three centuries ago in 'The Burial of the Conde de Orgaz'.

I went down the east coast of Spain from Barcelona to Almería last autumn—from the brash and up-to-date part of the peninsula to the most backward and forgotten. 'I have given up official monuments now', a sculptor said in Barcelona. 'I'm doing saints. Religion is what pays nowadays'. The old pagan irony of the Mediterranean. These coastal provinces, all the way to Alicante, are traditionally liberal, or Red as the saying is. Here even Catholic towns are Red and the Catholicism is liberal. One hears many murmurs against the fierce, puritan, official, Catholic drive going on all over Spain, and especially against the ecclesiastical censorship which is far more severe than the political. But these coastal provinces are an old suburb of the Roman Empire.

The choppy Mediterranean, so hot, and hard-hitting when you bathe in it, flashes in the Catalan bays, in the sands, the flats, the lagoons and promontories of Valencia; the lower country is rich and skilfully irrigated. The olives and the vines lead on to the oranges set out in their brigades, the oranges to the rice; the beanfields are thick, the tomatoes are heavy, almonds are heaped up on the barn floors; in Elche the dates are growing, and before the dreadful part of Murcia begins,



the northerner can see the cotton-plant in flower. The Valencians drive out miles to get their favourite kind of orange, from some special orchard or even two or three chosen trees. A bank clerk will talk of his uncle's trees as if they were a family poetry. The pumpkins ripen on the flat roofs of their blue painted houses, where tame rabbits run about, to be cooked for the rice dishes. There is no meadowland, and wild rabbits are rare. Then, with the land's harvest, there is the sea harvest: the mussels and the polyps, the *langouste* and *langoustines*, the crabs and prawns, so that in the towns, the stench of scorched prawns is everywhere, and the café floors are littered with their husks. There is fantasy in this fish cooking. It is possible to order what is called a *Zarzuela*—a musical comedy—from some menus, a mixture of all the fish of the Mediterranean, built up like a pagoda of shells and lacquer on the plate.

### Fanciful Abundance

In Castile, they look with the frugal man's irony on this fanciful abundance, where all the pods are full. No great man, no great movement for good or evil (the Castilian says) has ever come out of this region. There has been no clash of cultures. The saints come from the bleak tableland, the conquistadores come out of the wildernesses of Extremadura, the poets and philosophers from the south, but the coast is the suburb of Rome, and from Tarragona southwards one goes from one immense Roman castle to the next. The most, the Castilians say, that these people are capable of is fantasy, exaggeration, self-display. Blasco Ibanez, they say, with his *Apocalypse*. They forget to mention the other side of Ibanez: the realist with the liberal social conscience, and that this part of Spain is very nearly western civilisation.

But it is true that exaggeration rules the coast. Barcelona is notorious for it. The Catalans like to say they are not Spaniards and they are, indeed, really Provencals, they have more in common with Tartarin de Tarascon than they have with Cervantes. Barcelona is full of big-chinned world-shakers, and go-getters with price-lists, building wider and wider avenues, making cheap goods and speaking with harsh accents. Agents and commercial travellers coming out of every doorway, offices that look like offices, the shops full of gadgets, advertisements everywhere. Half the trams and many of the sky-signs advertise a purge. New docks, new roads, new blastings of the cliffs, the city double the size of what it was twenty-five years ago—Barcelona has had the luck to get the industrial revolution late, in the sun, under high mountains and by the sea. The outbreak of violence of the last two generations—the assassinations, riots, police terrors, and, to some extent, the civil war—represent less the anarchism of a Mediterranean people, as we are so often told, than something like the Chartist phase in our history. Sudden wealth is a violence in itself.

Barcelona really belongs less to Spain than to that megalomaniac group of Mediterranean cities: Milan, Genoa, possibly Turin and Marseilles. There are industrial tension, fantastic wealth in a few hands, areas of terrible poverty; in block after block of middle-class flats, a flashy life, aggressive and yet anxious. Christianity has become a new political branch of the new industry. Wealth goes into stone and architectural exuberance. The millionaires whose wealth comes out of the new flats and the new floodlit avenues also put up huge sums for the vast, ugly, superfluous churches on the tops of the mountains. The haloes of the Virgin or the giant statues of the Christ are wired into the electric power stations.

### A City that has Overbid its Hand

But Barcelona, like the rest of Spain, is impatient. The Spanish, will, when it wakes up, stakes all on the first throw and then tires. The practical patience of the northern Italians is lacking, and so one walks about a fine city that has overbid its hand. In art, one can see that in the commercial vulgarity of Dali. Yet all the exaggerations do not fail. Gaudí's grotesque cathedral, the Sagrada Familia, belongs to an earlier generation and represents something genuine in the hybrid Catalan genius. One has only to go to the museum at Miramar to see the clash of Gothic and the Mediterranean in the early Catalan genius. Gaudí's Germanic pastry-cookery, his tin trumpets, his Grimms' fairy-tale mind, married to his concrete Meccano, achieves *something*: whereas the new commercial Barcelona is a provincial's imitation of Paris. On the other hand the awful church at Tibidabo overlooking the city achieves nothing; a tasteless act of pride and propaganda, it looks inside like the lounge of an Odeon. It is part of the international industrial drive, whereas Gaudí represented the native madness.

What a place for a motor smash, or a police chase, or a district call for the fire brigade, a large bank robbery or the dramatic death of some super, symbolic pedestrian—my mind was always full of these violent fantasies when I crossed those too-exhilarating boulevards. But the fact is that the traffic is so trivial that one is likelier to die of thirst or loneliness crossing these floodlit deserts. With the unworldliness of business men, the people of Barcelona have built for a motor age that has not yet seriously arrived.

At night the impersonal quality of Barcelona is almost intolerable. One night I saw a well-dressed, prosperous looking man, alone in one of these new Ramblas, make his way to a seat by a monumental lamp standard and lie down to sleep there. It was a hot night, and perhaps the man's idea was a good one and merely illustrates the Spaniard's self-containment; to me it was like seeing a sufferer from agoraphobia enter into hell. In all cities one sees the solitaires at night, but the late hours kept by Spaniards make personal solitude more noticeable. At two in the morning in the Plaza de Catalunya, an old woman is still coughing against the iron door of a bank, hoping to sell her black-market cigarettes, a tram driver on the night service sings a flamenco song loudly, but to himself; the last prostitutes sit alert, alone at their tables by the window of the empty café, their eyes sharpening at the sight of a cruising car. The waiters flick the empty tables. Those men, who always look so ill, still hope to sell a paper or a sex book or an English thriller after midnight at the kiosks of the older Ramblas. The cripple in his all-purpose chair, still sits with his watches, the legless woman is still in her doorway. A boy can still earn a little by leading the blind man who never goes to bed. Down an empty boulevard where everything is closed, I used to see a ragged, bearded man carrying a small cloth bag and rushing along at a feverish speed with his head down. Sometimes in the gutter, sometimes in doorways, sometimes groping among chairs stacked up against the wall, darting about with a terrible certainty: he was the collector of cigarette ends. I saw him night after night. He was like one of those night insects I would see rushing across the tiles to the wainscot of my hot room in the hotel when I put the light on.

### Where Nothing is Hidden

Nothing is hidden in Spain—well, nothing except love. Indifference, perhaps, has to be assumed in a life that is so exposed by rich and poor in the street. Our vices, our evils, our pleasures are hidden. Hour after hour, the monotonous music of the Sardana goes on in the byways and squares: there is a *fiesta*, decorous, conventional, gay in a jog-trot way. One can see the pretty girl beginning to doubt her plausible young man. One sees the rich little boy drive off the frightened urchin, one sees the war of jewellery and clothes. One hears that the peasants are migrating in thousands into the towns, but one does not merely hear or read it; one sees it. The new young man with his bundle sleeping out, the people at the post office collecting their letters and going to a bar to read out aloud to a group the news and anxieties of the village. 'Shall I come now?' the letter asks. They pass the letter round and argue about the answer. An astounded taxi driver comes up from the south. 'It doesn't matter how good looking you are here', he says, 'the women won't nibble here till they've seen your pocket book'.

For behind its cosmopolitan facade, Barcelona is doubly provincial. Perhaps English life was like this in the late eighteenth century or at the beginning of the Victorian age, when the peasants left the land, the population increased, the new rich appeared and the slums filled up. Behind Barcelona is the history of Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds. Perhaps English life was like this in the time of Disraeli's *Sybil*. Who is that? you say. Who lives there? The new rich, they say. And, after a civil war (they say) putting a finger to an eyelid—whoever wins is right.—*Third Programme*

In *The Early Victorian Woman* (Harrap, 15s.), Janet Dunbar describes what life was like for women at various social levels during the first twenty years of Victoria's reign. The book is divided into two parts; the first deals with the home background—marriage, servants, food and house-keeping, amusements, and so on; the second with the world outside the home—women writers, education, and women's movements towards emancipation. The author has taken her material from old diaries, letters, and house-keeping accounts, as well as from journals and newspapers of the time. There are some thirty illustrations. *Nature's Way* (Country Life, 25s.), by Hugh Newman and Walter Murray, gives a vast amount of information about natural history in the form of question and answer. The illustrations are good, and the book should be a useful work of reference for all young naturalists.



Myth or Legend?—I

# Lyonesse and the Lost Lands of England

By GLYN DANIEL

THE lost land of Lyonesse—it is a romantic alliterative phrase—and the story of Lyonesse is also a romantic one.

A land of matchless grace was Lyonesse  
Glorious with rolling hills, rejoicing streams  
Hoar monuments upreared when Time was young  
Wide plains of forest, slopes of golden corn,  
And stately castles crowning granite peaks.

So says the poet; but Lyonesse is no poetic fancy. The story of Lyonesse is widely believed by many in Cornwall and in south-west Britain generally. The story briefly is this: once upon a time there was land between Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly, which lie about thirty miles away. This land was called Lyonesse; or, in Cornish, Lethowstow. It was extremely rich; it had rich and prosperous towns and 140 churches. Camden, in the sixteenth century, said that Land's End once undoubtedly stretched far to the west, and that there had been to the west a watch-tower with lights to direct mariners. Sir Richard Carew, a contemporary of Camden's and a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh—and Bishop Gibson who edited Camden's *Britannia* in the late seventeenth century—speak of the rocks called the Seven Stones, seven miles west of Land's End, and how many people thought they were the remains of a great city. Fishermen were said to have dragged up windows and similar pieces of buildings from the remains of this city: the City of Lions, it was called. The Seven Sisters are still sometimes called 'The Town'.

What was the fate of this rich and fertile country of Lyonesse? The traditions vary in detail but substantially the story they tell is the same. The land of Lyonesse was overwhelmed by the sea, and the sole survivor was a man called Trevilian who leapt on a swift horse and fled to the mainland. And that is why, say the tales, the Trevilians bear on their arms a horse issuing out of the sea.

Sir Thomas Malory talks of Surluse as part of the kingdom of Lyonesse where Sir Galahad was ruler

under King Arthur. Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene*, makes King Arthur be born in Lyonesse.

Out of that countrie wherein I was bred  
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight;

and so does Milton:

Faery damsels met in forest wide  
By knights of Logrés or of Lyones.



Old field walls on the flats between the Isles of Scilly

And Tennyson describes the end of Arthur in Lyonesse:

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea  
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
King Arthur . . .

and he describes the 'sweet land of Lyonesse'—

A land of old upheaven from the abyss  
By fire, to sink into the abyss again  
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt  
And the long mountains ended in a coast  
Of ever shifting sand and far away  
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.



Remains of a submerged forest revealed at low tide in Mount's Bay, Cornwall

A story much the same as this tale of Lyonesse is told of areas on the west coast of Wales. Here Lyonesse is replaced by Cantre'r Gwaelod, the Lowland Cantref, or, if we can translate the Welsh freely into a modern idiom, the parishes that have been submerged. And the stories of Cantre'r Gwaelod are all essentially the same; they describe a ruler of a Cantref in Cardigan-shire—a man who ruled over what is now submerged land in Cardigan Bay. Cantre'r Gwaelod, like Lyonesse, was supposed to be rich and prosperous, its splendour was proverbial; we hear of the richness and trade of its sixteen towns. Then came disaster. It was inundated by the sea. The Welsh traditions refer specifically to the king's drunken steward who opened the flood gates and let in the sea. Further north, in Wales, in Caernarvon-



shire between Conway and Penmon, we again meet the same story. This time it refers to what are now called the Lafan Sands; it was formerly known as Tyno Helig. There is the same sudden advance of the sea, but this time the inundation is the spectacular fulfilment of a long-promised divine vengeance brought down on Helig, the ruler of the kingdom—vengeance on his own wickedness and that of his forbears. Helig and his family, by the way, are reported to have escaped, and ever after lived godly lives.

And yet again the same tale occurs in Brittany: here Lyonesse and the lowland Cantref become Ker-is. Ker, by the way, is the same as the Welsh word Caer which appears in Caernarvon and Caermarthen and the Cornish Car—it means town or fort or city, and Ker-is merely means the lowland city, or, in a word, the submerged city. Ker-is, in Breton folklore, was a city submerged due to the wickedness of its inhabitants and the negligence of those who held the keys of the sea-fortifications. Ker-is is located in the Bay of Douarnenez, in that part of western Brittany still called Cornouailles or Cornwall, but the story is a well-established folktale in western Brittany generally.

They are all good stories. In a sense they are all the same story, but here is our problem—are they imagination, or have they any basis, however slight, in fact? Are they, to put a point on it, myths or legends? And I am using these two words in an exact and differentiated sense. In an ordinary way of speaking, we talk of myths and legends as though the words were interchangeable. But students of folktales and traditions do distinguish between myth and legend; they say that the myth is an invented story—invented, perhaps, to explain some extraordinary natural event like an earthquake or something far less catastrophic like the daily rising and setting of the sun, or a human event like dreams, which, after all, are very puzzling to primitive peoples; and they say that the legend, on the other hand, is not an invented story—it is a form of history. It may have all sorts of odd things added to it: there may be plenty of inventions and myths wrapped round the legend, but basically the legend has a kernel of truth, however distorted. And—this is an important point—often we do not realise that a folktale is a legend, or could be a legend, until history and archaeological research reveals the historical fact enshrined in it.

### Submerged Causeways in Cardigan Bay

Now to get back to our lost lands. Are these stories of lost lands, and particularly the story of Lyonesse, invented stories, or genuine historical memories; myths or legends? Let me say at once there is no agreement on the answer to this question. Many people say they are myths, and it is very easy to see how these myths could arise. There are in Cardigan Bay extensive areas of shoal water, and there are two submerged causeways running for several miles out to sea. Geologists say that these causeways are entirely of natural origin, but they could have given rise to the story of the lowland Cantref. From high land they can be easily seen and could perhaps have been turned into the dykes of the folktales. There is shoal water, too, between the Isles of Scilly; sometimes at neap tide it is possible to walk from one island to another. The finding at low tide of the remains of submerged forests in Cardigan Bay and in Mount's Bay may have given rise to myths of inundated lands.

Those who argue that these stories are myths point out—and it is quite true—that traditions of lands and cities overwhelmed by the sea are common in western Europe. All along the coasts of France and Germany one can find these stories. Are they, then, universal stories: have they something in common with the Christian inheritance—the memory of the Deluge, for example? Are the stories of Lyonesse and Ker-is no more than universal deluge stories localised in Brittany, Cornwall, and Wales: localised because of the appearance of obvious things like the causeways in Cardigan Bay or the submerged forests in Mount's Bay? That is what some people say, and in discussing Lyonesse, for example, they point to the fact that the story does not appear until after the Norman Conquest. But I am not sure that this argument is a very good one: we have very few written traditions from pre-Norman days; and because a tradition was not recorded for hundreds of years we cannot argue that it was not orally transmitted—or, I grant you, for that matter, that it was. I am only trying to say that because the tradition of Lyonesse cannot be dated back in written form before the twelfth century, we are not entitled to argue that it was a myth invented in the twelfth century. It may still be a myth, but it may, on the other hand, be a legend.

I rather think it is a legend; I am on the side of those who think these stories have some historical value, and I say 'some' deliberately.

I do not believe there is any justification for the rich cities; and, of course, the wicked stewards and all the rest of it, and even, perhaps, Arthur himself, are just embellishments in an age of romance and courtly tales. I think it is likely that these tales are legends enshrining a historical, or, if you like, a prehistorical, fact—the memory of a time when the land in parts of Brittany, Cornwall, and west Wales was more extensive than it is at present. You may say that this is just my personal opinion; that may be so, but it is the opinion of many other archaeologists and historians who have studied this problem. And what is not a matter of personal opinion is the fact that the land in Wales, south-west Britain, and Brittany did once stand further out than at present. Nowhere is this evidence of submergence more dramatic and convincing than in the Isles of Scilly and Mount's Bay—just those areas where Lyonesse was supposed to have been.

### An Early Iron Age House in the Scillies

On the flats between the small Isles of Scilly are field walls—walls now under the sea, which divided the land before it was submerged. Recently an Early Iron Age house was excavated at St. Martin's in the Scillies: it was on the beach below high water mark. In 1948, on the shores of the same island, part of a circular hut was found: it dated from the Roman period; there was pottery of the third and fourth centuries A.D., and the floor of this hut is covered by normal high tides. At Old Man—another island in the Scillies, or rather two islands; it is a small island recently cut into two (the most recent example of coastal erosion)—was found, also below normal high-water mark, a burial cist or stone grave containing two Roman bronze brooches of the mid-first century A.D. All this, and much more evidence which geologists, pollen analysts, geographers, and archaeologists have been painstakingly collecting for years—evidence which cannot be set aside—show that as late as Roman times the sea between the Isles of Scilly was dry land; in fact, that there was one Isle of Scilly, not an archipelago of isles and islets as at present. This is quite interesting in one way—I mean that Scilly was possibly a single island as late as the Roman period—because a Roman writer tells us that in A.D. 387 a heretic was banished to *Sylina Insula*, the island of Scilly.

I have mentioned the submerged forests in Mount's Bay. We know also, through the work of petrologists and archaeologists that there is actually an axe factory, dating from, say, 1800 to 1500 B.C., somewhere in Mount's Bay—under the sea. The submergence of the Scillies is a historical event which could have lived in memory and become enshrined in the much elaborated tale of Lyonesse. I believe it did. It is for you to decide in the light of the arguments I have mentioned. Do not be put off by those who insist that all traditions are unhistorical. I know that many of them are. But to say that Lyonesse is a historical tradition, or may well be a historical tradition, is not to argue that all traditions are historical and that there are no myths. And what about King Arthur, whom some of the traditions associate with Lyonesse?—or the flood? Are these also legends, or are they myths? But these are questions that belong to later talks in this series.—*Home Service*

A British edition of a Dutch book on the recent flood disaster in Holland is to be made available by Newman Neame about the end of February. The book, which will contain a foreword by Queen Juliana, will be sold at 7s. 6d., and the proceeds from the sale will be shared equally between the British and Dutch Flood Relief Funds.

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*Sharing Skills*, stories of technical assistance, has been published by the United Nations Department of Public Information with an introduction by David Owen, Executive Chairman of the Technical Assistance Board. It describes the work achieved in helping to clear Indian villages of malaria, reviving cottage crafts in the Philippines, aiding fish farming in Indonesia, and the like. This illustrated booklet can be obtained from the Stationery Office for 2s. 6d. Two useful booklets have appeared in the Local History Series which is published by the National Council of Social Service. W. H. Humphreys writes *A Short Account of the Armorial Bearings of the Sovereigns of England* (No. 10, 2s. 6d.) and D. W. Humphreys writes on *Local History in School: A Guide for Teachers and Students* (No. 11, 2s.). Among other recent publications is an anniversary edition of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* by George Gissing who died fifty years ago last month. The book is published by Phoenix House Ltd., price 9s. 6d., and contains a foreword by Cecil Chisholm.



# Man of Action, Man of the Spirit

LORD SAMUEL on Sir Francis Younghusband

THERE was a family in Northumberland which traced back its origins beyond the Conquest to Saxon times. The name had been Osban, but in one generation, a younger son having founded a junior branch, it was colloquialised into Young-husband. In course of time many of the family served in the British forces, especially in the Indian Army: they showed powers of leadership and won distinction. Of five brothers, in the middle of the nineteenth century, two were killed in action, all three of the others attained the rank of General. The son of one of these, Francis Younghusband, born in India in 1863, was a man of outstanding character and varied achievement—by breed a man of action and by his own choice a leader in religion. It is about him that I am to speak to you.

A full account, by Dr. George Seaver, of his long life—he died in 1942 in his eightieth year—has just been published\*: it is an admirable biography. It shows that Younghusband had in him qualities greater even than were realised by those of us who knew and admired him, and were privileged to help him in the main work of his later life.

As a boy he was fired by the tales of adventure he heard from an uncle, whose journeys through the wilds of central Asia had won fame. After school at Clifton, where his physical and moral stamina made him a noted long-distance runner, Francis followed the traditions of his family by entering the Army. Passing out from Sandhurst, he went at once with his regiment to India. But his bent was unmistakable; it was not long before he succeeded in getting attached to a small expedition to the interior of Manchuria. Soon after, in 1887, at the age of twenty-three, he found himself sent, with a party of Mongolian and Chinese guides and porters, to cross the great Gobi Desert, and to meet another section of an exploring expedition at a point midway between Peking and the Himalayas. Since the time of Marco Polo, six centuries before, no European had travelled from China to central Asia by that route. Through the desert and across the mountains he made his solitary way—1,200 miles in seventy days, for nearly 1,000 miles not seeing a single house. Arrived at the meeting point he found that the other party, not knowing what had become of him, had not waited. He came on alone, with a handful of followers, probing on the way the possibilities of some unexplored passes in the high Himalayas, and arrived back in India seven months after leaving Peking.

The skill and endurance with which he had organised and carried to success journeys so adventurous brought him at once into notice: the excitement of their perils and triumphs is well conveyed by this book. Young though he was, he was given a succession of important appointments on the North-west Frontier, including a leading position on the famous mission for the relief of Chitral in 1893. Then, ten years later, this part of his career culminated in the command of the historic Younghusband Mission to Tibet; the first time in all history that a European expedition had penetrated to the secret city of Lhasa—so remote, so mysterious.

Half of Dr. Seaver's book gives an absorbing account of Younghusband's life during those years as a man of action. The second half describes, with sympathy and understanding, his life as a man of the spirit. Younghusband wrote long afterwards that it was at Chitral, when he was thirty, holding a responsible post in an isolated station high among the great mountains, that—in his own words—'I began to make religion the first interest of my life and to form plans for the future. Some of them were impracticable; but the main direction I then gave to my life has proved true'. He told how, already in the

Gobi Desert, as he marched in the summer nights, for the sake of coolness, under the brilliant canopy of the stars, 'In the stillness of those long hours, night after night and week after week, that radiance made an impression on my fresh young mind which deepened with the years. I began to feel at home with the stars'.

He had been brought up by religious-minded parents in the beliefs and practice of the Church of England, and remained all his life a devout Christian and a loyal member of that Church. Yet his long and conscientious reflection, with an independent mind, on matters of religion led him to doctrinal conclusions of his own. For the person, the teachings, the life of Jesus



Sir Francis Younghusband (centre), with Lord Samuel (left) and Professor Gilbert Murray in 1936  
*World Congress of Faiths*

he had an unlimited devotion. But the belief at which he arrived had little in it of formal theology. He was filled above all by a sense of the unity of the cosmos. His imagination soared, beyond the solemn peaks around him and the questioning stars above him, to seek the essence of the universe. He felt, as every thoughtful man must feel in the end, that this universe, as we know it, cannot be all that there is; cannot explain itself; cannot have created itself. Nor can life and mind, and the cosmos as a whole, be analysed into chemical combinations and electrical impulses. They far transcend the range of the material. There must be Something Else—altogether different, immeasurably august. These ideas permeated his mind and fashioned his life.

But he could not believe that the course of human events was determined by the direct intervention, day by day and hour by hour, of a watchful and benevolent Providence. All human history, he held, made any such doctrine untenable. And his own experience of life clinched the conclusion. He had seen human suffering at its worst: as British Resident in a small and isolated state in northern India at a time of stark famine, he had been appalled at the agony of tens of thousands of harmless and helpless men, women, and children, slowly dying of hunger all around him. There was a time also when, in his own body and mind, he had himself experienced the acutest suffering. Walking one day along a highroad in Belgium, in the year 1911, he had been struck by a motor-car, escaping barely with his life. At the time and during the months of convalescence, he had known all that could be known of pain at its worst. All this, and the result it had had upon his philosophy of life, he described soon after in a book, widely read, entitled *Within*. He felt that no honest thinker could deny the terrible fact of evil, and no religious creed evade the problem that

\* Murray, 25s.



it set. In his view it compelled the frank abandonment of the idea of the providential. He would have agreed with Clough—

But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man;  
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can.

Yet the consequence was not to be cynicism or despair. As he wrote in that book: 'It is on our own selves that we should put our trust—on our individual selves and on one another'.

In order to pursue a life so dedicated, Younghusband, at the comparatively early age of forty-six, in 1909, had retired from Government service. During the first world war he accepted a temporary appointment in the India Office. Afterwards he became President of the Royal Geographical Society, and in that capacity was chairman of the committees which organised the gallant expeditions to attempt the ascent of Mount Everest in 1921 and 1922. Before that time and constantly after, he was devoting much study to philosophy: he discussed these subjects with many of the leading philosophers of the day. Science also he studied in several of its branches, astronomy and biology in particular. As the outcome he achieved that synthesis of the three—religion, philosophy, and science—in which alone the inquiring mind can find a resting-place. By much spiritual striving and intellectual labour he had been able, as he himself wrote, to realise his desire and 'gain a satisfying conception of things'. Now, apart from all question of the personal beliefs at which he had himself arrived, his task must be to try to win the active co-operation of as many men and women as possible, of any and every creed, who were ready to join in promoting the one idea of religious unity for human welfare.

Already in the nineteen-twenties, groups were forming here and there, in Europe and in America, of people who felt that the great established religions were failing in their mission to give guidance to mankind, largely because of their own separateness and mutual antagonisms. To evolve some single new amalgamated creed, even if it were thought desirable, was certainly impracticable. But it might be possible gradually to persuade the faiths to co-operate more and to dispute less. Their essential aims—individual righteousness and international peace—were the same. Yet, the world over, ideological differences, often of

religious origin, were the most potent causes of racial separation, national animosity, political upheaval, and global war. Accepting the faiths for what they were; leaving doctrinal changes, if any, to develop in course of time from within; and not trying to prevent emulation, discussion, even controversy, between them, might it not be possible nevertheless to inculcate a spirit of fellowship among all the established faiths; to bring also into that fellowship men and women of goodwill who did not profess allegiance to any one of them; to persuade the religious world to insist less upon mutual differences, and to seize every occasion to promote practical co-operation for the advancement of the great aims on which all were agreed?

It was the natural culmination of all that had gone before that Francis Younghusband should find here his ultimate mission. To it he devoted the remaining years of his life. He travelled about; he lectured; he enlisted much individual support among leaders of opinion in many parts of the world. With his long and intimate contacts with Asiatic countries, no one was better fitted to be the mediator between the thinkers of the east and the west. At last, in 1936, the World Congress of Faiths came into being, Younghusband its founder. Its proclaimed purpose was a simple one: 'To promote a spirit of fellowship among mankind through religion'. It works in this country and in several others; a parallel movement is active in America, also with branches elsewhere.

Year after year meetings of the Congress have been held in a variety of centres. I can see Younghusband before me now, as he was at the early Congresses—always the central figure, mobile in body and mind, vibrating with energy, a perpetual stimulus. And was he not right in his essential purpose? In a time of wars and peril of war; tyrannies dominating a large part of the globe; intolerance and bad faith widespread, and a lowering of personal moral standards—ought not civilised men to gather themselves together to stop the decadence and start a recovery? And not only politically and strategically, through United Nations and regional unions; and not only economically through commerce and finance; but also—and above all—through concentrating and mobilising the moral and spiritual forces that exist among them all?

—Home Service

### Myth and Faith—III

## Myth and History in the Old Testament

By G. W. ANDERSON

THE earlier talks in this series\* have dealt with the mythological element in the New Testament and the difficulties which it raises, or appears to raise, for those who want to understand the Gospel or to communicate it to others. In this talk, I have been asked to say something about certain recent developments in Scandinavian Old Testament scholarship and to relate them to the general subject of the series. I mention this by way of explanation, because what I have to say about myth in the Old Testament may seem limited in its scope. The limitation is intentional. Again, much of what follows may seem far removed from the theological and philosophical implications of the earlier discussions; but I hope that before I have done you will see that the distance is by no means as great as might at first be imagined.

It has been clear from the previous talks that in the controversy about demythologising, the word 'myth' is used in a special sense. 'Myth' in this sense is a mode of expression in which 'the divine appears as human and the other-worldly as this-worldly'. Whatever validity this usage may have in the wider theological discussion, it will serve only to confuse us if we adopt it at the beginning of our consideration of the Old Testament. We must for the time being discard the thought of myth as a stumbling-block to the modern man, and recognise that in the life of ancient man it played a vital part. It was no mere baseless fiction or aesthetic fancy, no idle speculation about the primordial past, but a powerful instrument in the maintenance of life and happiness. The ritual of the great seasonal religious festivals was a means of controlling the vast forces of nature, and of maintaining the normal conditions in which crops would be abundant, livestock would flourish, and the whole life of the community would be sound and vigorous. This ritual consisted of certain dramatic or symbolic actions, accompanied by words (spoken, chanted, or sung) which were

appropriate to the situation. The acts performed were not merely imitative, but were powerful to produce the effect which they portrayed. Similarly, the words were not mere description or narrative; they were creative. Thus, when the conquest of the powers of chaos was represented in connection with the myth of creation, there was both a recapitulation of the establishment of cosmic order in the past, and a re-creation of that order for the present and future. The powerfully efficacious words which accompanied the ritual were the myth. We must recognise this meaning of myth and its relation to ritual if we are to understand the religious environment of the Hebrew people.

Some twenty years ago two composite volumes were published in this country under the editorship of Professor S. H. Hooke. They contained discussions of the nature and relationship of myth and ritual in the ancient Near East. It was argued that there was one fundamental culture pattern of myth and ritual throughout the whole area, and that traces of its outline could be found in Hebrew religion. A good deal was made of the central position of the king in the ritual. Although some of the views advanced in these volumes have been challenged, their influence on Old Testament scholarship has been immense. More recently, the same general approach has been adopted by an influential group of Scandinavian scholars, who have come to be known as the Uppsala School because most of them are associated with the University of Uppsala.

I am not sure how accurate it is to talk about an Uppsala School at all. There are some marked differences of opinion amongst its members, and the differences are at times acrimoniously expressed. Perhaps the acrimony is itself a sign of kinship. Again, the contributions which they offer to the understanding of the Old Testament have to do with two different aspects of it, the literature and the religion. These two subjects are by no means entirely separate from each other,



especially since the Uppsala scholars hold that the form and content of much of the literature are determined by cultic acts and cultic situations. But of their views on literary criticism I need say nothing. I am concerned now simply with what they have to say about Hebrew religion and its relationship to its environment. My account of their theories will be based chiefly on the writings of two of their number, Ivan Engnell and Geo Widengren.

### Creator-God and Bestower of Fertility

In the first place, great importance is attached by these scholars to the idea of the high god, a creator god who is the disposer of the destinies of men and the bestower of fertility. Such a god might lose some of his more active functions and become remote, or, as it were, otiose. But, having degenerated into this state of torpor, he might be activated in the experience of some outstanding religious personality and so become the special god of some community or group of tribes. Yahweh, God of the Hebrews, was but one form of an old West-Semitic high god who was activated in the experience of Moses. The original high god could lose his more active functions by becoming, so to speak, a celestial split personality, his power to bestow fertility being detached and personified as the young, vigorous, life-giving god, who died at the end of the summer as the vegetation was scorched by the hot sun, who descended into the realm of the dead, but was restored to life again. This last point, perhaps the most nearly original of the views of the Uppsala scholars, leads naturally to what they hold in common with the Myth and Ritual school in this country, the theory of a common myth and ritual pattern found throughout the ancient Near East. It ought to be said, however, that the Scandinavians reveal in their published writings a tendency on occasion to go to extremes and to allow imagination or an excessive love of systematisation to carry them well beyond the evidence.

The pattern to which I have just referred may be analysed into the following elements: the dramatic representation of the death and resurrection of the god; the recitation or symbolic enactment of the myth of creation; the ritual combat depicting the victory of the god over his enemies; the sacred marriage; the triumphal procession in which the king played the part of the god. Every year the story of the god's fortunes was re-enacted; and the ritual, with its accompanying liturgy or myth, provided the potent agencies of act and speech by which life was renewed, fertility was restored, and the community was assured of prosperity and security during the coming year. At the centre of the ritual was the king, in whom the life of the community was concentrated, and through whom divine blessings were sacramentally conveyed to the community. It is held that this was true of Israel as well as of her neighbours. At the centre of the life of the community were the great seasonal festivals; and at the centre of the festivals stood the king. He was the anointed or Messiah of Yahweh, not a future Messiah in a coming aeon, but a present Messiah through whose person as son of God blessings then and there flowed into the life of the community. It fell to him to enact in the cult that sequence of humiliation, death, restoration, and triumph which was associated with the dying and rising fertility god in other Near Eastern religions. When the monarchy had disappeared, the ancient themes of this mythological complex lived on as the embodiment of the future hope; or again, what had once been applied to the supreme religious personage in the community came, by a process of democratisation, to be applied to the ordinary worshipper.

These views can be, and have been, attacked at many points. The argument about high gods has been severely criticised. It has been maintained, too, that the myth and ritual pattern alleged to have been common to the ancient Near East is an unreal simplification; and that even outside Israel there were considerable and significant differences—for instance, between Egypt and Mesopotamia.

### Hebrew Borrowings

It seems to me, however, that the most important question which these theories raise for the student of the Old Testament is this: How far was the religion of Israel of a piece with the religions of the neighbouring peoples? The question is not a new one; but on the view which I have outlined it is raised with particular sharpness. There can be no question that in ordinary Hebrew belief and practice a good deal was borrowed from outside which was so emphatically condemned by the enthusiasts for the national tradition in religion that it did not last. There can be no doubt, too, that in spite of the purists, a good

deal that was borrowed found a permanent place in the religion (an example of this is the system of agricultural festivals, which, being agricultural, were presumably taken over by the Hebrews after their settlement in Canaan). But it seems clear that the Uppsala scholars want us to regard Hebrew religion simply as a variation of the religion of Canaan. It is true that they admit that there was a native Hebrew tradition, a distinctive accent or emphasis, call it what you will. But clearly they treat the great themes of the Old Testament as at one with those which we find among Israel's neighbours: and, on any reasonable view of the word 'myth', if we were to try to demythologise these themes there would be little left. I hold that (quite apart from any other arguments) a consideration of what Israel's religion later became raises immense difficulties for any such theory. Why, out of all the religions of the ancient Near East, should this particular local variant have survived so triumphantly?

The distinctive character of the indigenous Hebrew religious tradition has recently been championed by the distinguished Norwegian Old Testament scholar, Sigmund Mowinckel of Oslo, to whose earlier work the Uppsala scholars owe a good deal. A generation ago, in the second of a series of important works on the Psalms, he advanced two main hypotheses: first, that in Israel before the Exile there was an annual festival in which there were celebrated the triumph of Yahweh over the powers of chaos and His enthronement as King of the universe; and second, that when the monarchy had disappeared and the influence of the cult had been weakened, the ancient mythological conceptions associated with the festival provided the framework within which the eschatological hope was expressed. Clearly Uppsala has served itself heir to Oslo. But now Oslo proceeds to disinherit Uppsala. In a recent work on the Messiah, Mowinckel makes it plain that he differs decisively from them. There is not time to enter into the details of his argument; but one general observation which he makes seems to me to be fundamental. If in any two religions we seem to find the same belief or practice, we should not hastily assume that they mean exactly the same thing. Each must be understood in the light of the entire religious structure of which it forms a part. Even if, for instance, we find evidence of enthronement ritual in Israel similar to that found elsewhere, the fact that Israel's God was the Living God left no legitimate place for the dying and rising god in Hebrew religion, and cultic practice must have been drastically revised at this significant point.

### A Historical Religion

There is another application of Mowinckel's canon which we ought to make; and it seems to me to be a very far-reaching one. The myth and ritual of Israel's neighbours were concerned with natural forces and processes conceived of in quasi-personal terms. But the religion of Israel was essentially a historical religion. Its foundation document was the record of a historical deliverance, a decisive act of God in time. Throughout its whole development the historical element is dominant. The Hebrew's idea of what his God was like was derived in the first place from what He had done for his ancestors in bringing them out of Egypt: and both his moral standards and his sense of community were closely associated with that divine intervention. The basis of his faith was in history, not myth. By that I do not mean that I regard every detail of the Exodus narrative as historically accurate; but rather that the story testifies to something that really happened, and that that something was decisive for the whole development of Hebrew religion.

You can, of course, say that the whole story is false; though that seems to me to be arbitrary scepticism. Or you can say, like Professor Engnell of Uppsala, that any reconstruction of the historical events is impossible; though I cannot understand why Engnell should down tools at this particular point when he has reconstructed so much else on a meagre allowance of evidence. Or again, you can say that the Hebrew was wrong in seeing in these events a divine deliverance. But it is clear that when the Hebrew did so regard these events, and when he went on to see even in the successive calamities which befell his own people a consistent divine purpose, he was not simply making myths but interpreting history. Why is it that half a millennium before Herodotus we find real history being written in this tiny state of western Asia, and that we look in vain for anything comparable in the annals of its more powerful neighbours? Why, again, is it so difficult to find any parallel among Israel's neighbours to the sense of direction and purpose in human events which is expressed in Israel's expectation of both judgment and restoration? A great part of the answer lies, I believe, in



the character of Israel's faith in a God who is not shut up in the endlessly repeated processes of nature, but is Lord of both nature and history. The pagan myths in their cultic setting spoke of the ever renewed struggle with the natural forces hostile to man. The Old Testament speaks of a continuing, consistent purpose of God in human life. Indiscriminate use of the terms 'myth' and 'mythology' obscures this distinction.

I do not mean that myth has no legitimate place in the Old Testament. The old mythological themes are used frequently. The creation myth which told how the primeval deep or the chaos monster was vanquished and cut in two provided apt imagery for the dividing of the hostile waters when Israel came out of Egypt. What was originally appropriate to the sphere of nature was applied to the purpose of God in history. When Hosea and Jeremiah use the marriage relationship to express the bond between Yahweh and His people, they have taken the figure from the sacred marriage; but the more immediate and significant background is the historical contrast between the wilderness period and the apostasy which followed the settlement. The Old Testament begins with a myth, a myth which has been separated from its cultic setting, and one which in content differs vastly from those pagan myths

to which it is outwardly similar. And, as it is natural for the Hebrew writers to use myth when they speak of the beginning of all things, they also use the old mythological themes and patterns in describing the future judgment and restoration. Some such medium is necessary to describe what lies beyond actual human experience. But always the myth has in some measure been transformed by the spirit of Israel's historical religion.

Of the conscious and discriminating use of myth by the Old Testament writers more will be said in the last talk in this series. I have tried to suggest what seems to me to be the criterion which, consciously or unconsciously, they applied. This experience of the decisive action of God on behalf of His people is not only a distinctive mark of Hebrew religion in its pagan environment, but one of the most important links between the Old and New Testaments. Both claim that God's purpose is unfolded in certain decisive historical events; and it cannot therefore be a matter of indifference whether these events occurred or not. Yet they are not merely past occurrences, becalmed in some distant ocean of time. To faith they are always contemporary, presenting to man here and now the promise and command of God.

—Third Programme

### Christian Stocktaking—IV

## The Church and Unity

By the Rt. Rev. F. A. COCKIN, Bishop of Bristol

I CAN well imagine that some of you who may have followed this course of talks so far have been wanting for some time to throw one particular text at my head. Physician, heal thyself! All this talk about the contribution which the Church ought to be making to public life, this Christian insight into the problems of industry and education, and so on, seems to you really rather impertinence. What business has the Church to claim to be able to set the world to rights, when its own internal life appears to stand so urgently in need of a thorough overhaul? Put your own house in order, and then you can talk to the world.

Fair enough! I did, as a matter of fact, in the first talk make it pretty plain that there were in my judgment certain points at which the life and outlook of the Church are affected by distortions—even diseases—which gravely impair its power to speak and act with Christian realism in the present situation. But there is one major weakness which I did not mention, but which, as I well know, bulks larger than almost all the rest put together in the mind of many inside, and still more outside, the Church: and that is the fact that the Church is divided, and appears, at least, content to go on in its divisions. From whichever end you look at it, they would say, whether as a paralysing handicap to the effective witness of the Church in the world, or as a poison infecting the health of every Christian communion, division is the one thing above all others of which the Church must repent—and repent in action.

I agree: and on both counts. No one with any knowledge of the Church's responsibility in industry, or in education, or in that wide field of social activity which is covered by local government and the voluntary services, can fail, if he is honest about it, to recognise how often and how disastrously the attempt which Christian bodies make to discharge their responsibilities is hampered, and indeed frustrated, by the fact that they cannot act as a single united body. No doubt things are a good deal better than they were, say, fifty years ago: but it still remains true that in any approach to the schools on the subject of religious teaching, or in such matters as co-operation with statutory and voluntary agencies in developing community life on a new housing estate, we constantly meet the legacy of suspicion left by our sectarian strife in the past, and the resulting fear that even now we shall all be wanting to grind our own denominational axes.

This weakening of the Church's contribution to the life of the community is bad enough. But deeper and far more serious than this are the effects of division upon the spiritual temper and outlook of all our Churches. Again, thank God, there has been a real measure of amendment and repentance. But it has not yet gone deep enough to purge the poison out of our systems. We still, almost inevitably, think and live denominationally. We think of each other first as Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, Roman Catholics—as aliens, if not enemies—and only

second as fellow Christians. Our attention is focused upon the preservation and vindication of *our* particular tradition of doctrine and worship, and not upon exploring together the unsearchable, and largely unexplored, riches of Christ. Worst of all—and this is the very root of the infection—we are obsessed with the need to assert our own rightness and superiority, and are thereby blinded to the fact that we are *all* guilty of the mortal sin of flat disobedience of our Lord's declared will — 'that they may all be one'.

It is indeed a heavy indictment: and it is one which must be faced with ruthless honesty. The first thing that can and must be said is that the situation is better than it was. The past fifty years have seen a greater advance towards a serious tackling of the problem of division than any period within the preceding four centuries; and this advance may be noted in three main directions. First, there has been a real stirring and awakening of conscience. In every Christian communion—not excluding those which adopt the most rigorous attitude towards relations with other Churches—there is now the beginning, at least, of a genuine acknowledgment of the fact that disunion is sin. There is also a growing awareness of the extent to which that sin lies at the root of the powerlessness of the Church to speak effectively to man's desperate need. It is only a beginning: and there is still a good deal too much of a tendency to acknowledge the other chap's sin. But there is a beginning.

Second, an immense amount of hard thinking has been, and is being, done to get to the bottom of the theological and ecclesiastical issues which are felt to be genuine grounds of disagreement. This is work which can only be done by competent scholars, a minority job. At times, when one reads the reports of their discussions, one is tempted to feel that they move rather too easily into the stratosphere, and to wish that they could try out some of their theological niceties on a technical college or a trade union lodge. But this kind of work has to go on: and there is no shadow of doubt that slowly but surely they are removing misunderstandings, sorting out essential from non-essential points, and narrowing the area of disagreement. Incidentally, they are acquiring a thoroughly wholesome respect for each other's intellectual ability and integrity.

Third, the same thing is happening in the sphere of practical co-operation. The World Council of Churches, which includes in its membership the great majority of the non-Roman Catholic Churches, is an established fact. It is not, and does not pretend to be, a United Church. Its aim is to keep before Christians the truth that they ought to be one by drawing them together in every possible form of co-operation in which they can join without compromising genuine differences of belief. The range of this co-operation is steadily being widened. The war and its aftermath have provided immense opportunities of the most practical kind for helping Churches which suffered the heaviest



losses, and for the relief of refugees and displaced persons: it is possible now for the Churches to make united representations to governments on such urgent questions as the disabilities of minorities, racial discrimination, and the like: there is mutual discussion on such matters as the proper place of the laity in the work of the Church: exchange visits of ministers, students, and teachers are arranged. And, as in the theological sphere, there is the invaluable by-product of steadily widening and deepening knowledge of and respect for one another among people whom the divided state of the Church has kept apart for centuries.

### Recognition of 'Internal Schism'

All that is fact. But how far does it go, how fast is it moving, and where is it getting us to? Let us look again at the three directions of which I have just spoken. This stirring of conscience; this recognition of the moral aspect of disunion: how deep does it go? In the report of one of the latest series of negotiations between the Churches in this country, a joint declaration is made by all the members that they recognise as the basis of their discussion the fact of 'internal schism'. That sounds a bit abstract. But what it means is something of enormous moral and spiritual importance, and it is vital that we should understand it.

I can perhaps explain it this way: the Roman Catholic Church claims that it alone is the one true Church, and that all other bodies are in schism by their separation from it. The Orthodox Church of eastern Europe makes almost the same claim, and thereby brands Rome as schismatic. Those who drew up the report which I have just mentioned make it clear that they themselves refuse to take that position. They believe that the very fact of division implies that we are all, in different measure maybe, but all, 'in schism'. The ministries and sacraments and teaching and church orders of all our Churches, because of the single fact that they are the ministries and sacraments and teaching and orders of divided branches of what should be one Church, are by that much imperfect. We all may—and certainly do—believe that our tradition has preserved certain aspects of truth more fully than another. But we can none of us say to the other, 'We are it: and you are out'.

If that is accepted, it makes an almost incalculable difference to the moral temper in which we approach the whole business of negotiating about steps towards reunion. Indeed, to my mind it registers the single greatest step forward which can be taken. For it inescapably brands the sin of pride and self-satisfaction as the root evil which must be dealt with if any real progress is to be made. But—and it is a big but—this agreement was reached by a handful of representatives. Will it be endorsed by the official assemblies of the Churches from which they come? Will it be accepted—on our knees—by all of us who constitute the contented, complacent rank and file of the Churches?

Second, the sphere of Faith and Order, the intellectual task of disentangling the real theological and ecclesiastical grounds of division: I have hinted that it can at times become somewhat airborne. But there is more to it than that. There is a real danger that in the interests of intellectual clarity the theological issues may be considered without reference to the actual context of life and history out of which they arose and in which they exist. There were present at the last Faith and Order Conference at Lund—and I am not sure whether their presence was very welcome to some of the pundits—a group of people who had prepared a report on 'Non-theological factors which may hinder or accelerate the Church's unity'. And behind that somewhat cumbersome title lies the very cogent fact that when you look at the actual situation of division as it exists, either between whole Churches or between local units of Churches in a neighbourhood, you can see at once that alongside (or rather subtly interwoven with) the strictly theological differences is a whole host of other factors, which exercise a profound influence upon the way in which these bodies of Christians think of one another's beliefs and ways of worship.

### Bluff and Humbug

For instance, Churches have grown up in complete isolation for several hundred years: there have been such things as persecution and discrimination: people have left a Church or been thrown out: racial, national, and political forces have antagonised Churches. On the smaller scale there have been political, social, and class distinctions with which denominations have become almost imperceptibly aligned; there have been personal rivalries and jealousies: on the one side snob-value, on the other inferiority complex. And all these things have

been allowed to get mixed up with and to colour and distort the genuine differences of conviction for which our forefathers suffered and died. Until this bluff is called on all sides, and we are ready to acknowledge that there is a powerful lot of ignorance, indifference, convention, social prejudice, relics of political rivalry, and plain downright original cussedness mixed up with the *real* theological principles on which we differ, we are just ignoring some very humiliating and unwelcome facts. To put it bluntly we are humbugging ourselves. We are not, however, humbugging God.

And, last, the sphere of practical co-operation. Here indeed is the point at which we come face to face with what is, in many ways, the most serious weakness of the whole movement towards unity: that it is, so far, very largely a minority movement, a movement of leaders who are often enough a long way in advance of their troops. Thank God the movement is spreading out through local councils of churches into the life of parishes and congregations: all kinds of joint ventures are being made: joint house-to-house visiting of a new housing area, joint preparation for a mission, meetings of clergy and ministers with some of their lay people to get to understand each other's faith and worship; now and again Christians actually go to the length of praying together. But even so only a tiny handful is really implicated in and committed to the task. Large numbers of our church members could hardly care less about what, if the whole thesis of this talk is true, is something which is paralysing the life of the Church, and for which we shall all most certainly be called to account. In face of the desperate plight of mankind, and the pathetic inability of the Church to meet it, this apathy towards the one challenge which might well galvanise the whole Church into new life is at times well-nigh intolerable.

A week or two ago I had a letter from one of the outstanding leaders of the Church of South India who has just been in this country and has been spending a lot of time in discussion with the home Churches. He wrote: 'If all our talk does not lead to some action soon it will go bad on us. I feel that the time is short—at least in Asia'. I wonder whether he need have added the last four words.

—West of England Home Service

## Poem

God grant I never lose my mind.  
Hunger and toil are less unkind,  
The beggar's pouch and staff.  
Not that I set a price too great  
On reason; or would hesitate  
To let it go and laugh.

If they would let me be alone  
At liberty, you'd find me flown  
In joy to the dark wood.  
I'd sing and in a haze of dreams,  
Of marvellous and broken gleams,  
Forget myself for good.

I'd hear the breakers as they rolled,  
And full of happiness behold  
The void sky over me.  
And strong and free, I should go round,  
A whirlwind, tearing up the ground,  
And breaking down the tree . . .

The trouble is that other men  
Fear madness like a plague, and then  
They shut you out of sight:—  
The madman wears a chain and lock,  
Round the caged animal they flock  
To tease him in their spite.

And in the night-time I should hear  
No woodland sounds that soothe the ear,  
No nightingale's loud strains—  
But cries of men who share my plight,  
And keepers cursing us at night,  
And shrieks, and clanking chains.

Translated by HENRY GIFFORD from the Russian of PUSHKIN



# NEWS DIARY

February 11-17

## Wednesday, February 11

Home Secretary makes statement in Commons about precautions being taken to meet the possibility of further flooding on the East Coast. Dutch Prime Minister estimates flood damage in Netherlands at about £100,000,000

Chancellor of the Exchequer speaks to press about the coming visit of himself and Mr. Eden to Washington

## Thursday, February 12

Anglo-Egyptian agreement is signed in Cairo about future of the Sudan

320,000 coal miners to receive increase in pay

Many main roads blocked by snowfalls

The Soviet Union breaks off diplomatic relations with Israel

## Friday, February 13

H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visit flooded areas on East Coast

Conversations concluded in London between French and British Ministers on political and economic questions

House of Commons rejects private member's Bill to restore birching as punishment for crimes of violence

## Saturday, February 14

Work on sea defences continues though hampered by snow

Italian Court orders oil cargo of the tanker *Miriella* to be impounded in Venice pending legal argument

Governor-General of the Sudan pays tribute to General Neguib for his part in concluding Anglo-Egyptian agreement

## Sunday, February 15

Mau Mau terrorists commit two further murders

Non-Europeans in Capetown and Durban protest against South African Government's new Bills safeguarding public order

## Monday, February 16

Transport Bill receives third reading in Commons

Australia to admit more imports from sterling area

Prime Minister of Israel speaks about relations with Russia

General Neguib broadcasts to Sudanese about Anglo-Egyptian agreement

## Tuesday, February 17

Mr. Eden replies to General Neguib's broadcast statement about the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Sudan. White Paper published on the Sudan

Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., leaves London on visit to Kenya



M. René Mayer, the French Prime Minister, M. Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, and M. Robert Buron, the French Minister for Economic Affairs, with Mr. Churchill at 10 Downing Street on February 13. The Ministers were in London for talks with members of the British Government



Herr Ernst Reuter, chief burgomaster of Berlin, arriving at Northolt Airport on February 12. He visited this country for a four-day lecture tour as the guest of the Junior Carlton Club



An aerial photograph taken near Tideswell in Derbyshire after last week's blizzards. Snow fell in nearly every county in England and Wales during the week-end: main roads were blocked and farmers in the Peak District suffered heavy losses in sheep





Queen touring Tilbury during her visit to flooded areas round the Thames Estuary on 12th February. Her Majesty spoke to many of the people who had suffered in the disaster. At the same time, R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Lincolnshire and Suffolk to see the efforts being made to repair the shattered coastal defences there



Sir Ralph Stevenson, British Ambassador to Egypt, shaking hands with General Nguib, the Egyptian Prime Minister, after signing the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Sudan on February 12 in Cairo. The agreement provides for Sudanese self-government, to be followed later by self-determination



Workers working on the broken sea defences of Canvey Island, photographed last week as they built up one of the temporary walls of sandbags. All along the east coast the repaired defences withstood the anxiously-awaited spring tides last week-end and no further damage was caused

A tussle after a line-out during the rugby match between England and Ireland in Dublin on Saturday. The game was drawn with nine points each



The new Dean and Chapter Library of Canterbury Cathedral which is nearing completion. The library was bombed in 1942 and rebuilding on it was started in 1951





# Philosophy in the French Theatre Today

By ROBERT SPEAIGHT

THERE is nothing new, of course, about philosophy on the stage. But there is something phenomenal about the two leaders of French existentialism choosing the theatre as the place in which to express themselves. You notice that I avoid the cliché 'a platform for their ideas', because that is a conception which Marcel, at least, would vehemently reject.

Gabriel Marcel has told us a good deal about the reasons which led him to the theatre. Although he is not as famous or as popular or as powerful a dramatist as Sartre, he was writing plays long before Sartre became a household name. It would be incorrect to describe him as a philosophic dramatist, because that suggests a man who has in his mind a number of ideas already shaped and then tries to give them life on the stage. With Marcel the process has been just the opposite. His plays are the germs, not the fruition, of his philosophy. He is a dramatist *and* a philosopher; he is not a philosophic dramatist.

## The Soul in 'Exile'

He has prefaced the translation of his plays\* with an essay called 'The Drama of the Soul in Exile' and the title is a good description of the situation he starts out from, in both his dramatic and philosophical writings; of the mystery of Being which he tried to penetrate in his Gifford Lectures, and the mystery of Behaviour which is the subject, in one form or another, of all his plays. But it is important, here, to understand the meaning of the word 'exile'. Exile from what? With Marcel the word implies not so much the idea of punishment and condemnation—that would make him too much of a moralist on the one hand or a theologian on the other—but it implies above all the idea of a broken contact. 'Le Monde Cassé' is the title of one of his plays, and the tragic solitude of man among the *débris* of a broken world is the starting point of his speculation. Man is certainly exiled from God, if we admit the existence of God; but he is first of all exiled from other people, and in consequence of this he is exiled from a true understanding of himself.

In the preface to *Three Plays*, Marcel quotes a passage from the German dramatist, Hauptmann, which gives a clue to his own need to express himself in dramatic form. 'Drama', said Hauptmann, 'is one of the many attempts made by the human mind to create a cosmos from chaos, attempts which begin in early childhood and continue throughout life. From year to year the mental stage grows larger and more actors join the company, so that soon its director, the intellect, can no longer survey them all at once, for their numbers have become infinite. The origin of drama is the self dividing itself into two, three, four and so on'; and again: 'We must distinguish between thought in the process of being thought, and thought which has been thought already'. Marcel's plays are 'thought in the process of being thought', and it is, as he says, no coincidence that those which seem 'the richest in spiritual content are those which show the least trace of philosophical premeditation'. Whatever weaknesses they may have are not the weaknesses of a *pièce à thèse*. What we feel in them, now and again, is the shimmer of a mind which is still making itself up, not the strident clarity of a mind which is made up already.

Marcel has described how, as an only child, he would walk through the Parc Monceau, peopling his solitude with imaginary brothers and sisters, engaging them in long conversations, and constructing a dialogue long before he knew how to build a dialectic. And this dialogue was essentially dramatic because it divided the self; question answered question, like the antiphons of a psalm; it was the very opposite of the scholastic method where difficulties are raised only to be knocked down like ninepins; all Marcel's plays dramatise a difficulty—and when they give an answer, the answer is still mysterious. If we object to this—though I do not object to it myself—he will reply that an answer is not the same thing as a solution. He will make an important distinction between problems and mysteries. Obviously, there is no point in attacking a problem—how to mate my opponent in six moves, why my shoes were removed from outside my bedroom door and then returned uncleaned, with a tiny piece of leather scraped off the toe-cap—

obviously there is no point in discussing these things unless we can solve them. But in solving them—and here the solution is technical, admitting of no contradiction—we deprive them of any further interest or reality. A mystery, as Marcel understands it, is never solved in this way; and for the reason that, here, technique is out of place and personal judgment is unreliable. In describing his own childhood Marcel pays a warm tribute to the aunt who brought him up and to whom he owed, among other things, his rigorous regard for truth. But all the same, his childhood was not a happy one, and in hinting at some of its miseries he is shocked by his unfairness to those who surrounded him with so much love and care, and who could not possibly have suspected the tension to which he was subjected. This proved to him that all judgment is in a sense a betrayal; a sin not only against charity but against truth.

There is no trace of moral indifference in Marcel's awareness of the complexity of human motives. But the business of the dramatist is not to mount into the pulpit; if he does so, he betrays his mission. He must rather, says Marcel, 'place himself at the very heart of human reality . . . link himself magnetically to the strands of our most secret agonies and our most secret hopes; and the accents with which he expresses feelings we hardly dare admit even to ourselves, must be strong enough and magical enough to transfigure our interior landscape and illuminate it in a flash with a light that seems to come from beyond'. This sense of a beyond is the key to all Marcel's thinking, and it gives a title to one of his most interesting plays, 'La Vraie Vie est Absente'. It is partly Marcel's hatred of abstraction which has predisposed him to accept the Christian hope; for the Christian hope, though it is clothed in mystery and speaks in symbols, is incarnate. Through incarnation God has entered into history and through sacrament He has entered into matter. This belief has helped to fortify Marcel's prejudice against any philosophical system and has prevented his constructing one for himself. His writings are fairly voluminous, but they all add up, in the end, to the firm refusal of a formula.

He has chosen, instead, to examine—or more precisely, to sympathise with—the contradictions of human experience. What were the real motives of the 'Pastor' in 'L'Homme de Dieu', when he forgave his wife's infidelity and then forced her, many years later, to meet the father of her child. His motives were certainly not as altruistic as he supposed. How far were they linked to a sudden failure of vocation? What made Ariadne in 'Le Chemin de Crète' make friends with her husband's mistress? Was this not just a more subtle form of interference, an unjustified intrusion into a domain where she had no rights? What was the mixture of love and egoism in Aline Fortier's devotion to her dead son in 'La Chapelle Ardente'? This led her to hate her husband because he had allowed the boy to sacrifice himself in a dangerous reconnaissance for which he need not have volunteered; and to dominate the boy's fiancée under the pretence of bringing her up as a daughter in her own house. These are all themes that Ibsen would have treated with the same exposure of human motives, and with a greater technical adroitness. But it was not until he came to 'The Master Builder' and the symbolic dramas of the final phase—not until he escaped from problem into mystery—that Ibsen came to realise, or at any rate to prove, that the greatness of a work of art consists in leaving the question mark intact.

## When the Curtain Goes Up

Although Marcel pays great attention, he tells us, to his final acts, he is one of those dramatists for whom the important moment is when the curtain goes up, not when it comes down. This is what we should expect from a man who describes himself as *Homo viator*; who travels by following up now this trail and now that; who has no very clear sense of destination; and who picks his way by the light that comes to him from beyond. It is remarkable how large a part is played by death in these plays: the death of Rudolph, for example, in 'Le Dard', which persuades his friend Werner to go back and face the horrors of Nazi concentration camp. In a sense it is true that for Marcel death is at once the proof and the illumination of existence.

\* *Three Plays*. By Gabriel Marcel. Secker and Warburg. 15s.



Here the contrast and comparison with Sartre is very striking. Read 'Le Diable et le Bon Dieu'\* after any one of Marcel's more significant plays and you will have the impression of walking down an arterial road after following a trail in a forest. There is no doubt that Sartre knows where he is going, and there is something rather bracing about his sheer technique as a road builder. The dialectic is despairing, but it is implacably constructed, and it brings you flat up against a brick wall. There is no light from beyond. Sartre has written very little about his motives for writing plays, but they would seem to be the illustration rather than the germs of his philosophy. Since, however, this philosophy is as firmly anchored to the concrete as the philosophy of Marcel, it also required the divisibility of drama and the objectivity of imagined conflict. 'Le Diable et le Bon Dieu' is an immensely powerful play, but it has less the sense of *other people*—the sense so characteristic of Marcel—than a play like 'Crime Passionnel' or 'La Putain Respectueuse', or even than 'Huis Clos'. It is the dramatisation of Sartre's escape from the Absolute.

### Sartre on Good and Evil

Through this story of the Peasants' Revolt in Germany, Sartre shows—or seeks to show—that the service of Good and Evil, of Lucifer and the Lord, is equally absurd. Goethe had taken the character of Goetz von Berlichingen and treated him as the hero of a romantic tragedy; with Sartre he is, first, a monster laying siege to the city of Worms. But, because he thinks that evil is too easy, he sets his choice between good and evil on a throw of dice; and because his pride urges him to good, he cheats in order that the dice shall come down the way he wants it. He decides to give away to the poor the lands of his brother (whom he had murdered), but in order to build his City of the Sun, where all men are equal, he is forced to realise his ideals by trickery. This equivocal preference for good in fact poisons all Goetz's relations with his fellow men. Stabbing his own hands and side he pretends to have received the stigmata; and his influence over the superstitious peasantry rests upon this fraud. Meanwhile the revolt is failing for lack of a leader, and this is the price of his perfectionism. His City of the Sun is a model village, surrounded by a desert of anarchy and injustice. Either he must compromise with his principles and save the revolt, or, adhering to his principles, betray it.

This is the typical Sartrean dilemma. Heinrich, the renegade priest, had faced the same contradiction earlier in the play. If he gives the keys of the city to Goetz, Goetz will massacre the people but spare the priests; if he refuses to give him the keys, the priests will be massacred by the people. He must choose, in effect, between the Church and the poor; and some critics have seen in this a reference to the dilemma now facing the priest workers in the French factories. Either they must betray the Church or the revolution; they cannot save both. Heinrich does, in fact, give Goetz the key, but as the two adversaries discern their affinity, he recants. His choice, however, had been made, and he is from now on a man inhabited by the Devil, just as Goetz is a man inhabited by God. For Sartre, Goetz and Heinrich are the two sides of a twin impossibility. Neither in choosing good nor in choosing evil, can they remain human. Goetz's goodness works more havoc in one year than his wickedness had worked in ten—and the reason is not far to seek. 'Goodness', he says, 'is the best way of being alone'.

Thus the quest for the Absolute ends in a monstrous solitude and a sadistic asceticism. God is a refuge from the horror of other people. 'If God does not exist', exclaimed Ivan Karamazov, 'everything is permissible'; to this Sartre replies that only if God does exist is everything permissible. There can be no compatibility between the existence of God and the liberty of man; thus a rational morality depends on the elimination of God. One has the impression that the theology which holds Sartre in its toils is a theology of predestination. 'If I am already damned', he asks in effect, 'what does it matter how many more crimes I commit?' This reasoning is the end of morality. In killing Heinrich, Goetz kills the annihilating notion of God. 'You didn't change your skin', he exclaims in a speech of passionate self-accusation, 'you altered your language. You called your hatred of men your generosity, and generosity your rage for destruction'. Goetz had invented a way to betray evil; that was the whole story of his conversion. 'God', he says, 'is the loneliness of man', and only where God has been destroyed can man be really free and truly humane. Heinrich, on the other hand, does not mind how often he is damned provided that God exists, because without God there is no way of escaping men.

*L'enfer, c'est les autres*—this was the hell of 'Huis Clos'; and the most terrible thing about that windowless room was the absence of the Devil. Goetz, in exclaiming over Heinrich's corpse, 'God is dead', returns to humanity in the sense of returning to history. 'I need the sight of man'—he does indeed, for the quest of the Absolute had numbed him to the common touch. And so he assumes the leadership of the revolt and with it the impurities of the 'world's slow stain'. He will fight and hang and butcher, because he fears the immensity of the sky and the petrifying cold of contemplation; because there is a war to fight (as there always will be) and he knows no other way of being among men.

'Le Diable et le Bon Dieu' is a play about ideas and not about people; but the ideas are passionate and they are handled by a consummate craftsman. Yet the question persists: as Goetz strides forth into the grey future of atheistic humanism, will he not find, like Garcin in 'Huis Clos', that *l'enfer, c'est les autres*? Will he not find that the universe of history is as stifling as a shuttered room, if the illumination of mystery is shut out? Will he not find that men are hateful if God is not there to love them? For here is the interesting point of contrast with Marcel, that in the plays of Marcel, whose philosophy of Being demands a God, men and women are much more subtly, more patiently imagined than they are in the plays of Sartre, who rejects God altogether. The world of Gabriel Marcel is much less pretentious and many will feel that it is much less important. The great ideas do not meet us there in capital letters.

But it is the capital letters which give to the plays of Sartre their force; it is the capital letters which make us listen. And this is only another way of saying that in Sartre the philosopher and the dramatist are more tightly linked than they are in Marcel. If the characters of Marcel are more human, the ideas of Sartre are more dramatic and his situations more exciting. And the reason may be that although Sartre sees less deeply, I think, than Marcel, he sees more clearly, and in the theatre clarity is always more effective than chiaroscuro. In the plays of Sartre a whole range of contemporary feeling in France finds expression—a feeling that life is at once revolutionary, heroic, and absurd. In Sartre there is an acceptance of public life, with all its engagements. With Marcel, *engagement* is generally disastrous; his world is the world of private feelings and personal loyalties and fluid situations. That is the main difference between the two.—*Third Programme*

*Television and Education in the United States* by Charles A. Siepmann is the title of a pamphlet which is published by Unesco (it may be obtained from the Stationery Office, price 6s.). It deals primarily with the educational aspect of television in the United States but it has sections devoted to France and the United Kingdom. After outlining the educational programmes in Britain and discussing the experiment in schools' television, it mentions the conclusions derived from audience research that there is no significant difference in the school work of the child who views television, and the child who does not, but both child and adult viewers read less. It says television tends to keep people at home, and in the United Kingdom this is especially true of sixteen to nineteen-year-olds; but it does little to bring families closer together. In America, nearly half the television watchers do something else while looking in—some even read.

The pamphlet states that in mid-1952 television receivers in the United States numbered over 17,000,000. The Columbia Broadcasting System, in its annual report for 1951, forecast that by the end of 1952 set ownership would have passed the 19,000,000 mark, with forty-two per cent. of families in the United States owning receivers. In New York it was discovered that, of the 564 hours of television programmes broadcast by the seven New York stations during the week, one-fourth (a little over 143 hours) were given to drama. (Crime plays, the largest single offering in terms of time, accounted for 57 hours, or ten per cent. of all programmes, and 'Westerns' accounted for another eight per cent.)

It is also stated that in the United States television's major casualty appears to be sound broadcasting. When a television set is bought, the initial, and to some extent the continuing effect appears to be a falling off of listening to sound, amounting to anything from forty per cent. to fifty per cent. (This effect is paralleled almost exactly by research findings in Great Britain.) Yet, despite this fact, the average individual in the United States still spends more time with sound broadcasting than with any other medium—two and a half times more with sound broadcasting than with television, three times more than with newspapers, and six times more than with magazines. Presumably (the pamphlet observes) this 'average' individual includes the millions of Americans still without a television receiver. Ordinary wireless receiving sets continue to be purchased in great numbers. In spite of the decrease in listening in television homes, during 1951 9,300,000 wireless sets were purchased.

\* Published in English under the title *Lucifer and the Lord*. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Anglophobia in Present-day Italy

Sir,—Professor d'Entrèves' excellent talk on 'Anglophobia in Present-day Italy' (THE LISTENER, February 12) is a useful contribution to the ever complex and tortuous subject of the relationships between the English and the Italians. Perhaps one could add a few supplementary remarks to his careful account of the Italians' besetting fault, their 'inferiority complex' or pride, which reveals itself in many ways. Chief of these is the Italian's desire to cut a fine figure and keep up appearances; *fare bella figura*. This tendency has not been pilloried as much as it might in the Italian humorous press. A cynical and jaundiced foreign eye soon notices the Italian who carries a most impressive despatch case to work every morning with the air of a man of affairs. In the bag there is probably an apple, a magazine, and a few bills. How often has the visiting English scholar of wide reputation with his unvarnished master's degree smiled wryly at the hordes of 'doctors' and 'professors' who fill minor professional posts. One could compare the free-and-easy corduroys of the distinguished Englishman with the outmoded pin-stripe trousers and black jacket of the (unshaven) retired clerk who wants to impress his fellows. True, the English have their own snobbishnesses of this kind. But they are merely ridiculous. The snobbishnesses of the Italian are pathetic.

To find the causes of this behaviour is almost impossible. All one can do is to risk misleading generalisations, as Professor d'Entrèves remarks. Fortunately, generalisations are a good spring-board for discussion. Poverty has been the bane of Italy since heaven knows when. A desire for security and worldly success is therefore natural. But this desire has been by-passed into a hankering for the appearances of prosperity. Because of this the prestige from tokens of prosperity becomes almost an essential. It is thus not surprising that the dignity of the pre-1914 Englishman, derived from his nation's prestige and wealth, easily earned the Italian's respect. Today the Englishman shorn of the confidence of wealth merely gains the Italian's contempt. Out of this contempt dislike grows and distrust—and 'Anglophobia'.

Theories and generalisations seem hopeless. How can we account adequately for the attitude of the young, refined, and earnest Italian who was asking me about Montserrat's *Cruel Sea*. 'Is it worth reading?' Then, 'is there in it anything insulting against the Italians? . . . I can't stand reading anything like that'. A sensitiveness of this kind would be rare in these isles.

Regarding Anglo-Italian relations one should observe that the word *inglese* is used indiscriminately in Italy for all the British. A Scot or an Irishman is always treated with polite interest and respectful curiosity as soon as he has explained where he has come from. I have not found out how Welshmen fare over there but I surmise that a 'Taffy' would be a roaring success in Italian company!

In general, the attitude of Italians to England is one of mild curiosity. The *Domenica del Corriere*, a weekly news magazine containing a variety of topical articles and having a large circulation, gives this country a fair coverage. American topics are, however, increasing. Favourite English subjects are the Royal Family, and, of course, crime and executions. The Bentley case was given a large article with grisly illustrations. English cartoons are borrowed

regularly. Sometimes there is a sour remark. Recently, for example, an article discussing polar exploration said that the English regarded polar exploration as their peculiar reserve. The heroism of Scott was passed over almost completely.

Perhaps some successful feat such as the scaling of Everest by the British would give a filipp to British prestige since the Italians who are quick to find fault are as quick to lavish unstinted admiration.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

FRANCIS CELORIA

## Can the Christian Creeds Be Defended?

Sir,—Your correspondent Mrs. Simmons asked for the bread of communion: the Rev. H. C. Burrough puts her in her place, well outside the Christian pale, by giving her a stone. His dusty answer suggests that some of those who speak for the Church are less concerned with 'defending' the Creeds than with reiterating them. What he calls 'the essential facts of the Christian faith'—a question-begging phrase—are manifestly no more than a series of unproved and unprovable propositions. They may or may not be true, but, since they cannot be known to be true, literal 'belief' in them—and nothing less will satisfy Mr. Burrough—must be the effect either (a) of unthinking habit, or (b) of personal choice, that resolute act of will which is sometimes misnamed 'faith'. In my experience, however, not more than one in ten of the people who profess Christianity are able at once to understand the Creed as a whole and to accept it without private reservations.

As for Mr. J. I. Harding's letter, may I suggest, with respect, that he has got it all wrong? His statement that 'the Creeds were formulated by mystics for people who were largely accustomed to think in terms of mysticism' is precisely the reverse of the truth. Between mysticism and dogmatic theology there has always been, and always will be, a great gulf fixed.

Yours, etc.,

Petersfield

GERALD BULLETT

Sir,—Christianity stands or falls by its claim to be a revealed religion. The Creeds do not profess to be statements of what man has discovered about God, but of what God has made known to man. Of course they are imperfect statements, because human language (as Mr. Thouless made admirably clear in his talk) is incapable of expressing divine truth with the accuracy of scientific observation. But they are meaningless only on the assumption that the supernatural realities which they seek to describe do not exist: an assumption which of course begs the whole question at issue.

Either, then, we must accept the Creeds as they are and try to understand them, or we must throw Christianity overboard altogether. We cannot pick and choose, accepting those elements of revealed truth which appeal to us personally, and rejecting those which clash with our prejudices. Such a procedure contradicts the whole idea of revelation.

Yet this is precisely what Mr. Thouless and most of the correspondents whose letters were prompted by his talk are trying to do. In particular, the criticism of the Creeds as baptismal formulae seems misconceived. Nobody is obliged to become a member of the Christian Church, and it is difficult to see why anybody should wish to do so if he is not prepared to accept the Church's essential teaching as revealed by God.

The lamentable results of this selective criticism are well illustrated by your correspondent 'T.F.T.' 'Born of the Virgin Mary' may mean to him that Jesus was 'neither quite God nor quite man' but for nineteen centuries it has meant to Christians that He was both, 'perfect God and perfect man', in the words of the Athanasian Creed. He *was* human, and tempted. He *did* show us that the human body is good (despite the carnal desires that war against the spirit), He *did* prove that body and spirit can be an integrated whole and a true image of God—all this precisely because He was man as well as God. A mystery—yes, because the Incarnation is an event unique in history; but not an 'unnecessary mystery'.

As to St. Joseph's paternity, it is significant that the two evangelists who trace his descent from David are those who record the Virgin Birth. Jesus was the 'Son of David according to the flesh', i.e., by Jewish law, which only recognised paternal descent and regarded an adoptive father as in all respects equal to a natural one.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

C. R. P. ANSTAY

Sir,—It would be a failure of Christian charity not to encourage and cry 'Pass, friend, all's well' to Mrs. Simmons who, like many others, cries out for companionship in her Christian pilgrimage.

As a minister of the Christian Church I do call her a Christian—as far as I can say at all—and I, as some other ministers (i.e., servants) of the Church (i.e., the company of those whose life is given to the service of God as revealed in Christ) ask her to believe that we are not satisfied with the Creeds as they stand.

The first creeds were an expression of Christian experience which ultimately is inexpressible in words. But Mr. Burrough fails to notice that:

(a) Two of the Prayer Book Creeds were written to *exclude* the ideas of Christians whose Greek education led them to express their faith in terms unacceptable to the majority. The majority is not always right. Do we want our creeds to exclude or include?

(b) Words change their meaning; conventions of thought and methods of expression change; and it is only to be expected that as time goes on the need should be felt for re-expressing the Christian experience. In plain language the Creeds need rewriting: we do not think in the same way as fourth- and fifth-century Greeks and Egyptians.

(c) The 'Apostles' and 'Nicene' Creeds are a mixture of history, myth, and poetry; they are not homogeneous statements of truth. Not everyone has the mental dexterity to be able to mix their language in this way. What, for example, does Mr. Burrough think is the historical sense of 'he descended into Hell'? And does he assert it to be true in exactly the same sense as: 'was crucified, dead, and buried'?

'The faith once delivered to the saints' (if we study the New Testament meaning of 'faith') means a way of life and an attitude to Christ, not a set of intellectual principles.—Yours, etc.,

Durham School

C. R. STAGG  
Chaplain

## Myth and Faith—II

Sir,—Theological diaphs are always popular Aunt Sallies. I cannot help thinking, however, that Mr. Gregor Smith's excellent talk (published



in *THE LISTENER* of February 12) would perhaps have been better without them, for his shies, as far as I could see, did not earn him any coco-nuts! And his attempts switched my mind away from the very important positive things he was saying. Consider his first shot:

Granted that the offence and the mystery of the Gospel are embedded in mythological forms in the Bible, what has actually happened in the course of history is that scientific and rational thought has illuminated bit by bit areas of life that before then were shrouded in darkness, and from these areas both the offence and the mystery have been removed.

Is it really true that in any area of life knowledge drives out mystery? Surely knowledge deepens mystery—knowledge only drives out ignorance, which is a very different thing. His second shot came nearer with a 'that kind of mystery'.

In spite of this criticism and my strong aversion to the terms 'demythologising' and 're-mythologising', I still am grateful to the B.B.C. for these talks, and to you, Sir, for publishing them.—Yours, etc.,  
Welwyn Garden City T. M. HERON

### Translating the Bible

Sir,—Up to a point I can appreciate the feelings of Mr. Edwards on the Authorised and Revised Standard Versions. I cannot pretend to understand them fully because I am, I fear, deficient in sensitiveness where the finer points of literary style and poetic feeling are concerned. The governing consideration behind all revisions and new translations of the Bible is the need to provide Christian preachers and teachers with a version that can be set before a generation that is ignorant of the Bible, and excuses its ignorance by the plea that the Bible, as commonly presented, is no longer intelligible. The crying need of the day is to compel a great mass of ignorant and indifferent people to come face to face with the revelations of God contained in the Bible. And the Revised Standard Version, or any other version, will justify its existence in so far as it meets that need.—Yours, etc.,  
Manchester, 13 T. W. MANSON

### Causality in Modern Physics

Sir,—It is obvious that the word 'cause' and the phrase 'beginning of existence' can be so defined that the principle 'Whatever begins to exist has a cause' is analytic so, as Mr. West likes to say, depends for its truth on the principle of contradiction. Mr. West cannot be prevented from using words in this way if he chooses—but contemporary 'metaphysicians', like the majority of their predecessors, have chosen not to do so. Many contemporary physicists appear to have given up using the word 'cause' altogether.

Mr. West should reflect that in matters of linguistic usage the minority is never right.

Yours, etc.,  
Oxford R. F. ATKINSON

### Faith, Doubt, and Freedom

Sir,—Professor Calogero has devoted two brilliant talks to his statement that 'the ultimate faith we need is nothing else but the faith in the right of doubting'. May I respectfully ask: who is 'we'? Tasks, obligations, responsibilities, are forced upon men, thus driven to choices, decisions. These are made on the basis of beliefs we hold, and could not be made at all if we held none. Therefore I submit that it is absolutely necessary to have beliefs.

Professor Calogero, however, states: 'The only thing which is absolutely necessary is the willingness to put everything into question'. Why? A good reason may be adduced if our beliefs are regarded, and so they ever have been

by the common consent of mankind, as our hearing of the Holy Spirit, which is to be improved: our own meditation and the wisdom of others should be drawn upon to perfect our faith. But Professor Calogero does not seem to regard questioning and discussion in the light of labours expended upon the improvement of our faith. Strangely enough, he seems interested not in the fundamental relationship between the 'I' and the beliefs that do guide it, but in the relationship between the 'I' and the beliefs of others. The 'I' is requested to doubt its own beliefs, and admonished to understand the beliefs of others.

Although I have tried honestly to understand Professor Calogero's point of view, I fail to see why I should hold my beliefs cheap, and the beliefs of others dear. My reason for respecting the beliefs of others is drawn from the importance to me of my beliefs, the value I set upon them, and my knowledge that my attachment to them rests upon their role as mediators between myself and the Truth that passeth understanding. My respect is really addressed, not to dissimilar beliefs, but to similar believing. I cannot hold the beliefs themselves equal to my own, or I would not be a believer, and it seems absurd to discriminate in their favour against my own.

This discrimination is implied in Professor Calogero's attitude. My constant questioning of my beliefs must weaken my capacity of acting upon them, while my obligation of sympathy for the beliefs of others enlarges their powers to act in the service of their faith. Such an attitude has already in several instances opened the doors to the brutal triumph of intolerant creeds. It is the Trojan Horse of Liberalism.—Yours, etc.,  
Bornel, France BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL

### Germany's Lost Provinces

Sir,—In his talk, published in *THE LISTENER* on February 5, Mr. Terence Prittie quotes slogans of the German revisionist propaganda concerning the alleged decay of the former eastern provinces of Prussia, now forming part of Poland. Mr. Prittie suggests that 'these stories are usually true'.

Certainly, in some respects the economic and technical conditions in these provinces are still below the level of, say, 1939. But the main reason for this is the immense destruction wrought by the war and by Soviet organised looting of 1945 and 1946. As the German writer Juergen Thorwald points out in his book, *Flight in the Winter*, the Russian authorities decided that 'a pro-Soviet Poland should have the land but as little as possible of the property on it. Accordingly, depots for the storage of booty were established in every town and village'.

So both factors combined to make nearly a desert of these areas. At the moment of Germany's capitulation one third of the whole area of these provinces, i.e. 8,750,000 acres, was mined. 123,800 farms, 27.5 per cent. of the total, were completely destroyed, this proportion being even much higher in many parts of East Prussia and Pomerania (65-70 per cent). Loss in the livestock was disastrous—for instance out of 3,540,000 heads of cattle only 273,000, less than 8 per cent., remained in the summer of 1945; a big part of the former number has been simply driven away to Russia. Several towns, like Glogow (Glogau) or Nisa (Neisse), were almost entirely obliterated, and so was the old magnificent centre of Gdansk (Danzig). 65 per cent. of Wroclaw (Breslau) was destroyed, and 50 per cent. of Szczecin (Stettin). Most of the factories were dismantled and the machinery taken to Russia; the same occurred to the harbour installations.

But since 1945 an enormous effort was made by the whole Polish people to repair the ravages and redevelop the economic and social life of these lands—a work comparable only with the

reconstruction of Poland's capital, destroyed in such a barbarous way by the Nazi invaders. In addition to the native population there are now more than 6,000,000 new Polish settlers in these areas. The rebuilding of towns and villages and recovery of agriculture and industry is making rapid progress, which is attested by many reports in the western German press itself. Thus, we read recently in the German weekly *Revue* (Munich) that all the ruined public buildings in Szczecin have been rebuilt and even enlarged. The majority of the pre-war industries are working and the port is now running normally. The same applies to Wroclaw and other towns. In Silesia even many of the factories which had been totally dismantled by the Russians were put back into operation. According to the *Economic Surveys in Europe*, published yearly by the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe, the output of coal, pig iron, steel, and electrical power is already higher than before the war. As concerns agriculture, according to the same source almost the whole area of the arable land is again cultivated.

It is my firm conviction that this progress would have been even bigger, if Poland, now suffering under the yoke of a Communist dictatorship and ruthlessly exploited by the Soviets, were a free country with a government of her own choice. These facts should be known to the public of the west now, when the future European and world order is being considered.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8 GEORGE ZDZIECHOWSKI  
Former Minister, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Polish Political Council

### 'The Year One'

Sir,—In the review in *THE LISTENER* of February 12 of a collection of poems by Miss Kathleen Raine reference was made to 'an old Scottish poem' called 'The Cauld Lad o' Hilton'. Lest the unwary reader should conclude that this is a Scottish tradition I would like to make it clear that Hilton is in County Durham, and that the Cauld Lad is said to haunt Hilton Castle, situated some three or four miles west of Sunderland. Lewis Spence, in his *Fairy Tradition in Britain*, makes a brief reference to this belief (page 23) locating it correctly in 'the Wear Valley'.—Yours, etc.,  
Southampton BRIAN FOSTER

### Delights of Old Sweets

Sir,—I have just eaten four ounces of 'Cupid's Whispers' Mine were heart-shaped and bore modern legends such as 'anybody in?', 'Don't taese (sic) me' and, the *cri de cœur*, 'Come back'. They were purchased in West Bromwich.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester V. H. ATTREE

### Home Grown

Sir,—After mentioning in 'Home Grown' that yams could now be obtained in this country, I have received many letters from people who have lived overseas where this vegetable has been extensively grown, especially in Algiers, New Zealand, and the South of France. They all say they cannot speak too highly of it.

When using yams as a vegetable, peel and cook them in the same manner as potatoes, but do not add salt. They are also praised as dessert, and a lady sends me this recipe: make a thick syrup of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar to a tumbler of water. When the yams are cooked, drain them and sprinkle with powdered cinnamon. Place them in a shallow pan with the syrup, over a slow heat. Turn them over and over until well coated with the syrup. Serve hot or cold; they are delicious either way, and taste like *marron glacés*.

Yours, etc.,

Petworth Park Gardens FRED STREETER





'Fishermen on the Frozen Maas near Dordrecht', by Cuypp

## The Dutch 'Little Masters'

By SIR PHILIP HENDY

**W**E have taken Dutch seventeenth-century painting so much for granted for such a long time; there has been so much imitation of it—not forgetting even the Cardinal-and-Lobster School—and on the other hand so many good

things in the art of the succeeding centuries have derived from it, that it is very hard now to realise just how new it once was. That is one of the main things about Dutch painting, that it was so very contemporary. New forms of art have not by any means always been accepted by the public at large; and that is another astonishing thing about Dutch painting, which may well have reacted upon its character: in spite of its being really revolutionary in many ways, it seems to have been enjoyed by the entire Dutch nation.

In 1641 John Evelyn wisely went to Holland on the outbreak of the English civil war. 'We arrived late at Rotterdam', he wrote in his Diary, 'where was their annual *Marte* or *faire*, so furnished with pictures (especially Landships and Drolleries, as they call those clownish representations) that I was amaz'd. Some I bought and sent into Eng-

land. The reason of this store of pictures and their cheapness proceeds from their want of land to employ their stock, so that it is an ordinary thing to find a common farmer lay out two or £3,000 in this commodity. Their houses are full of them, and they vend them at their

*faïres* to very great gaines. Here I first saw an *Eliphant*'. People will invest money in anything likely to bring them more money; that we all know; and contemporary art has often been a good investment, before and since. But certainly in modern times contemporary pictures have usually been something that only the few have risked their money in. To hear of it being 'an ordinary thing' for 'a common Farmer' to invest £2,000 or £3,000—an enormous sum in those days—in contemporary pictures, really does sound like another world from ours.

I have just called Dutch painting revolutionary. Of course nothing in art is ever entirely new. The more we learn about its history, the more we realise the gradualness of the tradition of art. I am sure, if I could take you round the National Gallery, I could find a number of Dutch landscapes, for instance, in the



'St. Peter Denying Christ', by Rembrandt



background of fifteenth-century pictures, from Italy as well as from the Netherlands. And in the seventeenth century there were contemporaries of the Dutch in other countries who also painted pure landscape: Rubens, above all, in nearby Antwerp; Claude and the two Poussins in Rome. Nevertheless, there is something very special about Dutch landscape painting, not only in its quantity—the number of the landscapists—but in its quality. It existed in its own right, to an extent that landscape-painting did not do anywhere else. The earliest of its practitioners, like Van Goyen and Salomon van Ruysdael, were particularly independent; they seem to have sprung straight to their easels from the banks of their rivers and canals; and they were happy to spend their lives painting those and nothing else. The exotic influence of Claude came later, through the men who had been to Italy, like Both and Berchem and Pijnacker. But of this later generation the only one really worthy to be hung on a wall with Claude is Cuyp, who stayed at home. The Cuyps are to me the great revelation of the present exhibition at Burlington House, not only because there are so many but because many of them have been freed from that famous 'golden glow' which was applied to them in the form of brown varnishes in the nineteenth century. Now that we can see them in their true colours, it is possible to compare them with Claude; and the comparison is quite instructive.

One thing we miss in Cuyp that Claude gives us, especially in his larger pictures, is that tremendous sweep to the horizon. But it is not really strange that Cuyp, who lived on the great lowland plain, should care less about rendering vast distances than Claude, who lived among the seven hills of Rome. You need a hill to get a view of the distance, and from the Alban hills near Rome you can see in that clear light across the Campagna to the sea—further than you can ever see in Holland. Cuyp's horizon, even in those ideal landscapes of his which have a Mediterranean flavour, is therefore nearer than Claude's; and since the North Sea and not the Mediterranean lies beyond the horizon that he knew, it is never so enchanting in its evocations. But then his foreground is much nearer too, and it is much safer ground to set one's foot upon. There is something a little facile in the physical remoteness which is one of Claude's means of creating nostalgia for the Golden Age. I mean that Claude usually lays the foreground of his scene rather in the middle distance of our vision, so that the problems of relating foreground to distance, large forms to small, clear light to haze, are less critical.

In the same way Claude's figures have a great nostalgic charm, and their bright garments are welcome accents of colour in the prevailing blue-green haze; but it is Cuyp's figures, whether they are in the foreground, reflecting the light, or in the distance, wrapped up in the atmosphere, which are really essential parts in the whole unison of light and form. Cuyp's landscape is more real, and it is not just a superficial realism due to lack of invention. Those hairy, irregular pyramids which blow and chew the cud as they block part of the middle distance from the very front of many of Cuyp's pictures: to Claude's aristocratic patrons in Rome or Paris these would have seemed disgustingly bucolic. But what they mean is not only that this is Holland but that the creative artist in Cuyp saw landscape as an opportunity to design in terms of three dimensions. Cuyp has a better sense of form; and it is this that makes him perhaps more significant in view of the next great development of landscape, in the nineteenth century.

It is unfashionable to say so; but Cuyp is worthy of comparison also with Cézanne. Again, at Aix-en-Provence or L'Estaque, where Cézanne painted, colours are so pure and tone so clearly defined that his love for the nature that he saw round him made Cézanne reconstruct it in pure colour. At Dordrecht or Nijmegen, Cuyp could sometimes paint clouds flushed with rose in blue skies or sails of barges tipped with gold in the blue haze down the Maas or the Waal. But the atmosphere was heavy with moisture which blurred the tones, the skies he saw were just as often grey, and under them the shadows and reflections were more often grey than blue. Cuyp, as well as Cézanne, saw that light was the key to the reconstruction of form; but with him it had to be not light-and-colour, as with Cézanne, but light-and-shade. Light-and-shade is the key to Dutch painting. The lesser landscape painters like Salomon van

Ruisdael or Van Goyen or Van de Cappelle exercised the utmost restraint in the use of colour in order to make the most of all the subtle varieties in the reflection and absorption of the light. The best of them did not go to Italy; they could not tear themselves away from the canals and estuaries reflecting the infinite gradations of the grey skies.

It is the same with the painters of still-life, another subject which one can find playing a part in earlier pictures but which the Dutch first used as modern painters use it. Those oysters on a pewter dish, the grapes, the glass half-filled with wine, the drops of water here and there; these are something much more than *trompe l'oeil* craftsmanship; they are the poetry of the endless play of light. This play of light is impossible without form; the beauty is in the subtle identification of the two. Each of these substances, from the metal dish lying flat on the tablecloth to the coiled spring of lemon peel or the vine tendrils thrusting themselves into space, has not only its reaction to light, its different degree of reflection and absorption, but its proper weight, and so its seemingly inevitable place in the complex of forms. The miraculous illusion of these pictures is apt to be thought an irrelevancy today.

But it should not blind us to the fact that it implies in its subtlest form the very thing which is now so much in fashion, a statement of spatial relationships. It is not just that without this the *trompe l'oeil* tangibility would be impossible. The Dutch still-life painter sets out to create a world complete in itself, existing in its own right. Again, if you compare it with the world of Cézanne's still-lives, you will find the same difference as with landscapes. And half-way between the Dutch still-lives and Cézanne's you will find Chardin.

Chardin uses dark shadows like a Dutch painter, often with dramatic effect; he likes to paint bright things reflecting light in contrast; and translucent things like grapes. But his colour is less transparent and much more important in building up the forms, and so the whole picture. The colours in a Dutch still-life are mainly there for decoration. You could bleach them out and I think you would still have all the structure of the picture. Chardin's more solid colour, on the other hand, gives the forms a good deal of their tangible quality. With him, hardly less than with Cézanne, it is not so much light-and-shade as light-and-colour.

It is a far cry from the small, cold, abstract world of the Dutch still-life painters to that of Rembrandt, the great painter of man's soul. In that marvellous picture of Rembrandt's, 'St. Peter Denying Christ', there is a kind of still-life: that wonderfully modelled armour, glowing with red light from the fire, of the impassive soldier warming himself



'The Music Lesson', by Ter Borch



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in the foreground. But this kind of abstract sculpture is only the foil and a kind of leader-in to the emotions of the drama behind, and we are not distracted by any of the mundane facts which the ordinary Dutch painter so loves to give. Indeed, Rembrandt has no need of anything but light and shade and humanity. In the shadows at the back, Christ turns round from his questioners, utterly alone as he hears the crowing of the cock. The main source of the all-revealing light is the candle which throws the silly inquisitive servant girl into dark relief, as she holds it to Peter's obstinate-irresolute face. The transcendent imagery of this whole scene, the expression that is flickering up, even as we look, into poor Peter's face, these only Rembrandt in all the world could achieve. Nevertheless, behind this achievement are not only the intensity with which the seventeenth-century Protestant read his Bible, but the thoroughness with which the whole Dutch school comprehended the relationship of form and light.

This combination of form and light is just as much the essence of those tranquil scenes from everyday life which seem most of all to be of the Dutch seventeenth century. Though in these you can also see more of the tradition that lies behind. Van Eyck, I suppose, is the real inventor of Dutch figure-painting. But in the two centuries that have gone since Van Eyck painted that bedroom with Arnolfini and his bride, in the National Gallery, as well as much passionate sublimity and sensuousness, there has been in all the arts a continuous search for new degrees of unity; and with it a growing refinement in the art of living, which has percolated from aristocratic Italy and France into the bourgeois homes of Holland. So Ter Borch, for instance, sought to achieve the very opposite of the permanence and solidity that Van Eyck sought with such religious intensity. In Ter Borch's 'Music Lesson' everything is light and delicate as the note from the guitar on which this unconscious couple are concentrating for this moment of time. All the outlines are as soft as can be, the textures and colours as refined; and the composition as a whole is so suave that one cannot find where it begins or ends; everything in it is so carefully related to everything else.

Incidentally, this mixture of classicism and refinement, this cultivation of the passing hour, the fleeting expression of that lady reading the *billet-doux* in another picture of Ter Borch's, the evanescent mood of that portly gentleman quizzing the girl in a third; these are in a spirit which we are apt to believe belongs rather specially to the aristocracy, to the eighteenth century and to France. The influence that every phase of Dutch painting exercised on later generations is proof of its immense vitality.

### Jan Steen and Hogarth

Ter Borch is so fond of ladies' boudoirs that he gives us the most limited picture of Dutch life. Jan Steen is more the indoor Cuypp, the much robust painter of a much more varied scene. He is even more classical and just as much a parent of the eighteenth century. That picture from the Barber Institute, 'The Wrath of Ahasuerus', is right in the classical tradition, composed according to the best Italian principles and painted almost like a Venetian picture. Those satirical pictures of his, 'The Effects of Intemperance', etc., which are so much more scientifically composed than their subjects would lead us to think, show us where Hogarth got many of his ideas. Steen's observation is keener than Hogarth's, his drawing more reliable; but I must confess that I find Hogarth's stories far more amusing; also that I think the story of Ahasuerus rather a bore.

I prefer 'The Morning Toilet', where one glimpses through a stately Palladian doorway, all arranged with the formality of a little altarpiece, a plump young thing sitting on a bed, drawing a stocking on to her plump young leg. Here is the joy of life, painted with joy in painting. Or the so-called 'Burgomaster of Delft' owning the street that he straddles, as he takes the early evening air with his pretty little daughter. He owns his street as proudly as the Dutch nation has come to own its own country. What is most new and important in these pictures is not just the fact that they represent contemporary life but the thing that is implied: that to these painters life, as they see it lived round them, is good and beautiful, and worthy to be the theme of art. When Manet and Degas and Renoir and the Impressionists were painting, that must have seemed quite an easy conviction to have. But now that so many of our best artists have turned away from the representation of life to abstraction, we are beginning perhaps to realise that the conviction is more rare and precious than we thought.

It was not long since the Dutch had become a nation. By beating the Spaniards they had won immense commercial advantages, so that their

trade was roaring; and political and religious freedom, so that they could live in the way they wished to live. All this would obviously cause the new nation to flower. What is wonderful is that the flowers were pictures.

These Dutch 'little masters' are an extraordinary phenomenon. It is right to call them little, not because their pictures are small but because their range is little. Many of them must have been almost in the category of craftsmen, with little education and narrow experience. But the facets of life that each little painter ignored were covered by his compatriots. It is not merely that one man paints portraits, another landscapes, another conversation-pieces, another still-life. It is that among the landscapists one prefers wide panoramas, like Philips Koninck; another closely wooded scenes, like Hobbema; another snow and ice, like Hendrick Avercamp; or moonlight, like Aert van der Neer. Salomon van Ruysdael and Van Goyen paint mostly rivers and canals; Van de Cappelle estuaries with shipping becalmed; Backhuysen open sea with ships in sail. Among the painters of conversation-pieces there are those who paint high life and those who paint low; indeed, there are painters for almost every stratum of society. Even the still-life painters are specialised: flowers or fruit or fish or game.

These Dutch little masters are like bees, it seems to me. Each one is part of a corporate existence, accepting a humble specialised part instinctively in the unreasoned business of the whole hive: that business being the joint production of a great luminous panorama of the country and its people. No other people has ever left a record of itself like this.

### A Composite Picture of the Artists' Country

This great composite picture that the Dutch manufactured of their country in the seventeenth century is a wonderfully homogeneous article when it is assembled. The composition would not be complete if there were not fundamental differences in the very intention of the different painters. At one end of the scale Rembrandt's illumination of man's soul, at the other Van Beyerens' gutted fish, made into furniture for the wall. But there are very few of these pictures that are not beautiful furniture—provided they are rightly framed and kept fresh and bright as everything else was kept in the Dutch house. They are good craftsmanship and excellent taste. No wonder that the Dutch houses were full of them, as Evelyn says. How many pictures have been produced since then which are not even furniture! Nearly 200 painters are represented in the Academy Exhibition, most of them from the seventeenth century. Supposing one had to make an exhibition of 200 painters even from the French nineteenth century, I wonder if one would get the same feeling that each man knew just what it was that he could do, and consequently did it so well.

This technical compatibility among Dutch pictures, the good manners, so to speak, of their craftsmanship, if it is due to any one thing, is due to their tacit agreement that the key to all painting is light.

—Third Programme

## Maria Larp

(a fragment)

There were faces

Even Frans Hals could make nothing of, his paint  
Without a flaw, his portrait without meaning.  
But given a lucky sitter—look at Maria  
Larp! whose rounded features,  
Plain and healthy as an apple, show  
No one fixed habit and no single mood  
In sole possession, but the very fount  
Of homely sense ready now to flow  
Rich in gossiping humour, and now kind  
Yet sharp in sympathy. You could not feel  
A bond so close, never be on such terms  
With the famous laughter of Hals' cavalier  
Or fisher-boys, who have no thought for you  
But only for one joke, their joy for ever:  
While she, Maria Larp,  
Knows you as you know her: you can't escape her.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON



# Round the London Art Galleries

By ERIC NEWTON

**A** PART from one major exhibition—Turner at the Whitechapel Art Gallery\*—the current London shows are mainly devoted to Youth and Promise. It is good to have the Turners to measure them by, for at Whitechapel we are given the whole range of Turner from his precocious beginnings when he seemed to have no other purpose than to learn the technical tricks of his trade and no other ambition than to earn a living by practising it, through his extraordinarily chaotic maturity in which nothing seemed to him impossible and nothing possible was not achieved, to the late visionary painter who presents us with dreams that, even today, are not always easy to share or interpret. It is a career rather like that of Beethoven, and for the same reason. Both bridged the gap between a classic and a romantic age, and in both one can follow every step of the adventurous journey.

That journey, for the young artist of today, is considerably less easy than it was for Turner or Beethoven, for since they died their kind of romanticism has perished through sheer starvation and has been succeeded by a new kind of classicism which, at this moment, is being re-vitalised by an even newer kind of romanticism. Even in non-figurative painting the journey from the purity of Mondrian to the dark energy of Hans Hartung (whose one-man show at the Lefevre Gallery has just closed) is a confused one, and the young contemporary artist can follow it only by a painful process of trial and error. Maturity, at the present moment, is probably more difficult to achieve than it ever has been before.

Lilian Colbourn, at the Berkeley Gallery, is by no means a beginner, yet, for her, the journey has just begun. She is passionate, lyrical, utterly sincere, and determined to express her turbulent vision with the utmost directness. Her journey, I imagine, is not unlike that of van Gogh, but whereas he emerged from darkness into radiance, she is obsessed by the cold whiteness of wind and waves and seagulls on the Yorkshire coast and now begins to show the first signs of something richer and warmer. This is her second one-man show. In her third, everything will depend on her power to turn turbulence into disciplined rhythm without losing her present lyrical fervour. She has a promise of greatness which stamina alone can convert into fulfilment.

Kit Lewis, at the Leicester Galleries, is less courageous but has proceeded further along the journey. This is her first exhibition. She is ambitious; all kinds of veiled moods emerge as one studies her paintings—here a grace of gesture, there a new relationship between figures and landscape—but none of them is completely realised. Yet the fact that one uses the word 'study' in connection with her work, and that it compels one to linger, is a sure sign of solidity behind the hints and adumbrations.

Ghika, also at the Leicester Galleries, is not interested in hints. A Greek, and therefore an inheritor of Mediterranean classicism and clarity, he has worked out his formulas with the utmost precision. They vary between semi-cubist formalism to clear reporting on the shapes of trees and their shadows on the wall behind them. But in whatever manner he chooses to plan his pictures, they all have a crisp gaiety,

though they are not all equally evocative of Mediterranean sunshine, and it is on their evocativeness that their virtue depends.

At the Hanover Gallery are paintings by Peter Foldes, prints and drawings and book illustrations by Mario Prassinos. The latter have a quiet perfection as well as a rich inventiveness: for once, one can use the word 'mature'. But Peter Foldes takes one back bewilderingly to the land of promise. I find him infuriatingly promising, not because, like Kit Lewis, he is tentative, but because he is apparently incapable of curbing his own creative processes. Each of his pictures contains sufficient material to furnish three more. Exuberance is a good fault, and a rare one, but when exuberance results in confusion there is only one cure—a self-imposed purge applied equally to overloaded colour and overcrowded design.

Sculpture, after a dismal period, is becoming a positively popular art, possibly because it is now respectable to reduce its weight and its bulk by substituting wire for stone, plates of iron for lumps of bronze, thin forms for thick ones. Mr. Bentley Claughton, exhibiting at the Kensington Art Gallery, has done a good deal of experimenting with arms and legs and slender torsos, so that an elongated human figure playing with an elongated puma can suggest an elegant trellis-work. The idea is useful, and produces, at its best, an effect of liteness, but it can become a tiresome mannerism in which the structural strength of both figure and animal is less important than the angular pattern.

Mr. Patrick Phillips at the Parsons Gallery takes portraiture just as far as he needs—a likeness, a colour scheme, a nicely balanced design—but what he needs is not quite enough. Human beings are more than mere objects in space waiting for a painter to describe their features and their clothes. They are personalities, and unless their personalities have somehow struck an answering spark from that of the portrait painter

they are reduced to still-lives. One of Mr. Phillips' portraits—Mr. Carter-Gifford—is a human being, the rest are objects in space.

'Opposing Forces', at the I.C.A. Galleries, is an exhibition that baffles me. I do not demand that a painter should refer to the specifically visual experiences that beset us all, but I do demand that his paintings should establish the mood that he, and he alone, can communicate. For me, no mood, but only a series of painters' tricks, emerges from these oversized canvases. They are patterns, and some of them are rather nice patterns, but nothing—certainly not the foreword to the catalogue—will persuade me that they are more than patterns. And surely, a painting is, by definition, much more than a pattern.

Lastly, the exhibition called 'Drawings for Paintings', organised by David Sylvester at the Arts Council Gallery: it is frankly an educational exhibition, an attempt to establish visible points along the invisible journey from the conception to the parturition of a work of art. The preparatory drawings that each artist makes for his picture are, of course, no more than little surface milestones to mark his underground progress. He selects them in order to memorise his own route. The visitor, however, will probably see them as stages in the actual building of the final work. It is a fine distinction but one worth remembering.



'Woman with Puma', by Bentley Claughton, at the Kensington Art Gallery

\* The painting by Turner reproduced on our cover was lent to the exhibition by Mrs. Ella Crawshaw-Bailey



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Attack: and Other Papers

By R. H. Tawney.

Allen and Unwin. 16s.

DESPITE THE IMMENSE VOGUE through three decades of *The Acquisitive Society* and *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, Professor Tawney's influence on British social thinking has perhaps been mainly peripheral, except in education. None the less, his work seems likely to 'wear' better than that of some contemporaries, including even Laski and the Coles. No doubt it is partly the excellence of his style that does it—a style at once masculine and flexible, neither turgid nor pedestrian. Or is it that we in 1953 are wooed by his intuitive perception (which insists on peeping out through all his formal advocacy of Planning) of the occasional dense stupidity of clever people, and of the consequent unfitness of any élite—whether of capitalism or the bureau—to govern very much for very long?

These occasional papers and essays are of many dates and mixed merit. They range from a moving personal account of trench slaughter in the '14-'18 war, to an article of 1934 on 'The Choice Before the Labour Party'; a Fabian Lecture on Socialist policy in 1944; two papers on 'Christianity and the Social Order'; a review of Hayek and a lecture on the Webbs. Topical at the time, much of it now seems curiously old-fashioned. This is particularly true of the material written in the 'thirties which, like so much other Socialist writing of the period, is redolent of a world which believed that the problems of production had been solved and the question of egalitarian distribution alone remained. He eulogises the Webbs without a word of condemnation of the pernicious nonsense about Communism to which, in old age, the Webbs lent the weight of their vast authority. Taking for granted western political gains—personal freedom and parliamentary institutions—his reply to Hayek is seriously inadequate and consists merely in a string of counter-assertions. To say that the state is only an instrument and, however 'fools and criminals' might misuse it, 'sensible and decent men will use it for ends which are decent and sensible', is no solution to the problems raised by the centralisation of power. All too frequently, indeed, one is reminded in these pages of the famous passage in which Lord Keynes in later life looked back with amazement on the calm assumption of himself and his circle when young, that the foundations of society would remain intact however much one played about with the superstructure.

Similarly, when discussing equality, Dr. Tawney seems sometimes to over-state his admiration for 'Henry Dubb'—'the common, courageous, good-hearted, patient, proletarian fool . . . who is worth, except to his modest self, nine-tenths of the gentilities, notabilities, intellectual, cultural and ethical eminences put together'. Here he is merely setting up one shadowy abstraction against another. 'Dubb', again, may be right in being a little apprehensive about even his best friends. Thus, on page 190 one finds Dr. Tawney warning 'Dubb' against 'self-indulgence, irregular habits . . . gambling and other futilities', quite in the manner of Malvolio, or the Puritan capitalists he himself has so mordantly studied. (Tremble, Dubb, over your pint in the 'Pig and Whistle'.) The problem of 'common' human nature (and the place of uncommon nature in life) is perhaps more complex than Dr. Tawney makes it appear.

Yet, when all is said, the essential humanity and kindness of Dr. Tawney's thought is

very clear in these essays. Unlike some others of his political outlook, he has never displayed the least tinge of malice or envy in that attack on class and privilege which has been his life's work. He hates wealth and class simply as bars to fellowship. Fellowship, that much abused word, can have many meanings: from Donne's 'No man is an island entire of himself' to the brotherhood in blood of a Hitler *Jugend*. In the appeal to moral values and common humanity on which he bases his own conception, Dr. Tawney represents one of the noblest and, one hopes, most durable traditions in British Socialism. The quotation from the *Dream of John Bull* facing the preface is appropriate and just.

## The Record Year. By Edward Sackville-

West and Desmond Shawe-Taylor.

Collins. 18s.

In this new volume which brings up to date the *Record Guide*, that astonishing West-Taylor compilation gets into its stride. For it is evident that as long as gramophone records are produced, *The Record Year* will have to be an annual publication. That is a heartening thought, at least for us who only have to read. How the compilers look to their appointed future is a different matter. We have cause to be grateful to them and their helpers. Their work has become indispensable, and we shall never allow them to give it up.

Since the original volume appeared last year long-playing records, relegated there to a short but informative Appendix, have come on us in full spate. No longer may the authors congratulate themselves on the fact that we have escaped 'the Battle of the Speeds'. Now every machine, like every good bicycle, must have its three-speed gear. And so in the present volume 33½ r.p.m. long-playing records are fully dealt with and the vast and increasing LP repertory generously accounted for. The new midget seven-inch discs playing at 45 r.p.m., having reached this country only a few weeks ago, find no mention here. The next *Record Year* will have to give space to them, if only (as some prognosticate) in a neurological survey.

Apart from the value of the factual material there is the interest of the critical judgments of performance, interpretation and mechanical reproduction. It is these that give the book character and individuality, separating it absolutely from a mere catalogue. The authors pay their readers the compliment of considering them intelligent men and women, capable of making up their own minds. They are very serious, sometimes a little solemn, about records and recordings. The matter is important to them and they would surely agree that we treat it accordingly and exercise our own judgment on reading, for instance, that Franck's 'Le chasseur maudit' is a piece of fustian. One raises an eyebrow, another giggles agreement. And so the authors have done well; they have forced us to think. And though we trust them farther than most, we still are allowed to take nothing from them on trust beyond an impeccable exactitude in titles, names and numberings.

## The Intimate Journals of Paul Gauguin.

Heinemann. 15s.

What irritating, unselfcritical naive people painters are! The gallivanting extroverts of Joyce Carey are models of repression in contrast with most of them. Paul Gauguin is a particularly instructive example, and devotees of *The Moon and Sixpence* will now be able to investigate

more closely the personality of their hero in this new edition of his Journals, which was first published in a more luxurious and inaccessible form in 1923.

But first let us deplore the deficiencies of a book which, more than most, demands skilful and informative editing. The translation is by that learned commentator on the New England literary scene Van Wyck Brooks, and it is remarkably close to the boisterous insouciance of Gauguin's style. No help, however, is given to the English reader in the understanding of the many obscure references to current affairs and events, nor to personalities and incidents in the author's life. Who in heaven's name, for instance, is the Abbé Combes? And what is the point of the anecdote about Brittany? There is not even an index and the only reference to the twenty-four plates is a list of the pages which they face.

Gauguin was greater than his reputation, and that greatness keeps peeping through the adolescent bombast and studied pornography with which he adorns his pages. For this is not really an 'intimate' journal at all; it is a gesture against the bourgeois civilisation of the nineteenth century, and one which only a bourgeois could make. Even the crudities are given their excuse: 'I write smuttily a bit here and there. It is because I want to prevent this miscellany from being read by prudes'. Anecdote and aphorism, references to his life in the Marquesas, outbursts of self-justification are all interspersed with shrewd judgments about art, with flashes of real percipience, with avowed evidence that as an artist he knew where he was going. H. G. Wells makes an unexpected appearance—'one always forgets how near to us the great generation of French artists are—and at the other end of the historic scale there is a mot of Rossini's: 'Je sais bien que je ne suis pas un Bach, mais je sais aussi que je ne suis pas un Offenbach'. Here is the potpourri of a personality, self-conscious, irritating, neurotic, but entire in its way, sincere even in its artificiality.

## Paul Eluard. Selected Writings.

Henri Michaux. Selected Writings (The Space Within).

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s. each.

Both these are American (New Directions) books, and if the translation is in neither case quite satisfactory to an English reader, this may not be wholly the fault of the translator. One may wonder if American is not a more alien language than French—once or twice I had to refer to the French text of Michaux to elucidate an American idiom; and it may also be true that French Surrealist and near-Surrealist poetry loses disproportionately when it is detached from its setting. The present translations are at best a convenience for those who do not read French fluently, and perhaps are intended chiefly as such.

Michaux is undoubtedly a poet (though he seldom writes verse) of genius; minor genius, but as original, undiluted, and memorable as Edward Lear or Klee. Slighter in stature than Kafka, he is a kindred spirit: his fantasy people—like Plume, who is always being 'kicked around' by the inexplicable authorities of this world—are as persecuted as Kafka's 'K', but are really innocents, like Charlie Chaplin, or Alice. There is an innocence in Michaux' most sadistic fantasies that comes from a pure source of childhood in him (*pace* the Nursery Rhyme



Reform Society). Mr. Ellman's useful introduction compares him with Swift or Rabelais (he might have added Wyndham Lewis) which perhaps overstates the social nature of his satire. In fact 'The March into the Tunnel', his most public poem, is also the least characteristic in this selection. He is at his best on what he himself calls his own 'properties'—an inner world governed by the laws of the irrational, but furnished with images as clearly defined as those of Magritte (also a Belgian) whom among the Surrealists he most closely resembles. Michaux refuses to be described as a Surrealist, but he beats them at their own game. This refusal may in part result from his extreme individualism: he is not interested in literature, and for him the writing of a poem is rather a magical than a literary act, a spell 'to hold in check the surrounding powers of the hostile world'.

There is, besides, a strong and not at all Surrealist philosophic structure in these poems that could easily be overlooked. Michaux admits the influence of Ruysbroeck and the Tao Te Ching; some of his irrationalities are more like Zen koans than anything else, and some are retellings of Buddhist parables. His theme is not, however, the higher states of consciousness, but the all-too-human condition of muddle, the comically imperfect perception and control of the flux of things in which we are so densely entangled. He offers no Utopian solution, but in his worst nightmares he is the detached observer of a comedy; also we are allowed to wake up, and since in the flux nothing is final, not even the self, nothing is finally tragic either. Effort, however comical, to improve our inner 'bad-lands' is never quite unavailing. Mr. Ellman's translation may lose some of the philosophic overtones; an English translator would have made Michaux more like Lear or Carroll and less like Thurber; but his version has vitality.

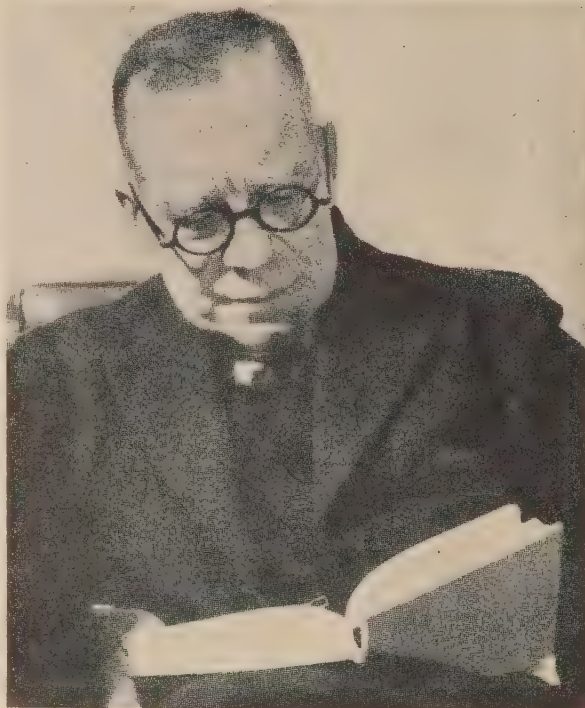
Mr. Lloyd Alexander's translations of Eluard are much less good than Mr. Ellman's of Michaux, in some places over-literal, in others wantonly departing from the literal, sometimes careless. There is no index, and no means of discovering in which volume any of the poems first appeared. The introductions by Aragon and Louis Parrot say a great deal about Eluard's part in the *Résistance*, less about his poetry, and Claude Roy's delightful personal portrait says little more. This may be what Eluard himself would wish, but those who were reading him with delight in the 'twenties may feel some regret that a poet of such formal delicacy and, in the early days of the Surrealist movement, such originality of imagery, should now be presented—or see himself—as the mouthpiece of a political party. One does not wish to call in question the 'purity' of his hatred of the invaders of his country—although it is noteworthy, in passing, that one finds no such passion in the poetry of Keith Douglas, Sydney Keyes, or Hamish Henderson, but then the English are notoriously bad haters—but the vocabulary of 'butchers' and 'jackals' characteristic of communist journalism is an inflated and emotive idiom that it is difficult for a poet even of Eluard's delicacy to redeem. Marxist poetry has the same drawbacks as other kinds of devotional writing: its emotive symbols may make a bridge for the faithful, but they erect a barrier against the unconverted. Hatreds, in any case, are more local than loves, both in place and in time; Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind' has lasted better than the 'Mask of Anarchy'. To declare that it is the task of the poet to reveal and to affirm the eternal and not the temporal

is not, indeed, a criticism of Eluard's finest poems—quite the contrary. He is a poet of delicate, but limited talent. As compared, for example, with 'The Waste Land' or the 'Four Quartets', his long 'Uninterrupted Poem' is shapeless; but his short lyrics, organic in form, are as beautiful as any written in this century. He is at his best as a love poet, and his pantheistic, almost mystical tenderness for all living creatures is a world away from the ideological hatreds of many of his war and post-war poems.

### Forrest Reid: A Portrait and a Study

By Russell Burlingham. Faber. 25s.

'The works of too many beginners had been thrust upon him for him not to know that if there is one quality which the writings of the very young rarely or never express, it is the spirit of youth. Or at any rate the attractive side of that spirit'. The quotation is from Brian



Forrest Reid in 1935

From 'Forrest Reid: a Portrait and a Study'

Westby, the novel in which Forrest Reid broke one of his own rules: 'Why make the central character a writer? That is always a weakness in a novel'. But Reid could afford to break rules if he chose, for he had inner resources such as few writers ever attain, and from *Apostate* onward his books were radiant with the spirit of youth which he valued so highly and depicted so well. As long ago as 1919 Mr. E. M. Forster described *Following Darkness* as a masterpiece; as recently as 1946 Mr. Henry Reed referred to the trilogy—*Uncle Stephen*, *The Retreat*, and *Young Tom*—as 'The masterpiece of childhood'. And now Mr. Russell Burlingham in this book confirms these earlier findings and adds his own, which are delightfully introduced by Mr. Walter de la Mare.

As its sub-title indicates, it is ambitious: it attempts a brief sketch of the writer as a man, and follows this by a more leisurely, more detailed, examination of his work as a novelist and critic, and an interpretation of the vision by which the artist was inspired. The preface is unfortunate. Mr. Burlingham, well aware of the magnitude of his undertaking, assumes a stance

of schoolmasterish superiority, and uses tones which are a little too sharp and a little too hectoring. Having established his authority with a brevity which is at least commendable, the author, in this his first book, quickly warms to the charm of his subject.

For Forrest Reid is fascinating both as a person and as a writer. His interests were wide and varied; people, animals, opera, croquet, poetry are but a few of the subjects on which he could talk or write with shrewd and delightful skill. He loved writing. His own struggle toward maturity had been slow and painful. It was not until he reached his middle period that the way suddenly became clear. But with *Demophon*, accepting limits beyond which in the future he would not venture, he found his three persistent themes—youth, nature, and the supernatural—made clear. His own personal struggle and his warm and generous nature made him 'this distinguished mentor' to many young writers; the help he gave them was of incalculable value in clearing up their problems and clarifying their aims.

Mr. Burlingham's task has been a difficult one, gravely attempted; and it is one that has obviously given him pleasure. He has drawn much from the two volumes of autobiography, *Apostate* and *Private Road*, and he has quoted widely and skilfully from Forrest Reid's other writings. The very eagerness of this appreciation should gain new admirers for Forrest Reid's exquisite gifts. The treasure is not for everyone, but all who seek may have their share.

### Japan in World History

By Sir George Sansom.

Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

In 1950 Sir George Sansom was invited to give a series of five lectures at Tokyo University; he chose as his subject *Japan in World History*; and the substance of these lectures has now been published in the slim volume under review. The situation was a delicate and curious one; a representative of one of the victor nations lectured to the recently vanquished in his language at their chief university on their history viewed in a world perspective. How few speakers could have avoided being patronising and moralising; or alternatively, if that pitfall had been foreseen, cringing and apologetic. Sir George avoids both traps with a serenity which denies even the existence of such dangers.

He is probably the most distinguished, and certainly the most sensitive, of Occidental students of things Japanese; he acknowledges gracefully the inevitable superiority of Japanese specialists on Japanese subjects, and then proceeds to demonstrate the advantages that can be drawn from being an outsider, an alien to the culture and the history one is studying. Two of the chief of these advantages is that the outsider must inevitably employ the comparative method, placing the culture studied in relation to his own culture, with the probability that the wood will be seen more clearly even if the trees are less minutely described; and this external viewpoint may allow the formulation of pregnant questions which would not occur to a member of the society. Sir George, in fact, uses the frame of reference of the comparative social anthropologist, though the data on which he works and the techniques of study he employs are those of the historian. It is a most felicitous combination.

From the conventional point of view, the role of Japan in world history could be considered very slight, at least up to the Meiji restoration less than a century ago; for the contacts of the



Japanese with the rest of the world were for most periods very minor, and for two centuries were reduced to a minimum. Sir George argues, most convincingly, that it is this isolation which makes the study of Japan so particularly valuable:

All that the social scientist can do is to observe two (or more) kinds of society and to make comparisons; and those comparisons are especially useful if in one society a certain feature is present and in the other absent. It so happens that in the great Asiatic societies there have been present certain features absent from the great European societies—and, of course, conversely; and this is particularly true of Japan, which for longish periods was not subject to any strong outside influence. It is for reasons such as these that, I suggest, the study of Japanese history is likely to afford valuable comparative material for the general historian and the social anthropologist.

The chief comparisons which Sir George makes are between the histories of Japan and of England, the two temperate islands standing away from the Eurasian land-mass. Why, for example, he asks, did England move from feudalism to parliamentary democracy, and Japan from feudalism to absolutism? In both countries the eighteenth century was a period in which the arts flourished strongly; why in England, were the patrons of contemporary artists the nobility and gentry, and in Japan the man in the street, buying the modern works in the market place? A slight knowledge of Japanese history is a help in gaining full appreciation of the issues discussed, for the ignorant are not assisted by elucidating footnotes. But even for those who know no Japanese history the book can be recommended as a superb illustration of the workings of an intelligent and inquiring mind and as a corrective to the fashionable systematising historiographers from Marx to Toynbee who try to fasten a Procrustean formula on the infinite variations of human behaviour, as recorded in history. Even beyond this, the book has a claim to general attention as the work of a wise, as well as an intelligent, man; and although we have intelligence in plenty, wisdom is perhaps the rarest of all human qualities in the western world today.

Sir George's final words to his Japanese audience are 'I repeat my conviction that, whatever material advances we may accomplish, there is no progress but moral progress'; and it is in the light of such an aphorism, and with a scepticism which questions all ready-made tags to describe complex phenomena that he throws light on the history of Japan, the history of England, and the history of human societies as they are illustrated by these two examples.

### The Missing Diplomats. By Cyril Connolly. Queen Anne Press. 5s.

This book—or rather pamphlet *de luxe*—is a reprint, and to some extent a rehash, of Cyril Connolly's notable articles for the *Sunday Times* on the mystery of Burgess and Maclean. Added attractions are the photo-portraits of the two principal boys, and the written portrait, by Peter Quennell, of impresario Connolly.

It is difficult to think very highly of what Mr. Quennell has to say, but in one respect he does show a light which was carefully hidden under somebody's bushel at the time the articles originally appeared. For he is at some pains to make us realise that Mr. Connolly's personal acquaintance with his heroes was considerably slighter than the volume of his opinion would lead us to assume, that his knowledge of them was intermittent in the case of Maclean and vitiated by antipathy in the case of Burgess. If we let this sink well in, and then proceed to consider Mr. Connolly's method, there is an interesting conclusion to be drawn. For Mr. Connolly announces quite plainly that his treat-

ment of the case is to be 'a priori' rather than empirical in kind, that he is concerned not so much with the known facts of the disappearance as with the personal, psychological and social factors which made up the men who disappeared. If, he maintains, we can hit on one or more explanations that are consonant with such factors, then the truth may not be very far to seek.

Now the trouble is simply this: it is abundantly clear that these methods of approach are radically inconsistent with Mr. Connolly's actual qualifications. He proposes using analysis of character and deduction from the past with respect to people of whose characters, if we are to believe Mr. Quennell, he was largely ignorant, and with whose pasts he was ill-acquainted. It is true, of course, that he had many friends who could provide information, and it is possible that he is a connoisseur of the behaviour of drinkers, neurotics and scallywags in general. But none of this resolves the central contradiction. Mr. Connolly may be an expert on the lunatic fringe, the literary, half-world, or that semi-smart and cock-eyed Bohemia to which Burgess and Maclean belonged: but he is in no sense sufficiently an expert on Burgess and Maclean themselves for his inside approach to be recognised as valid.

So what is the result? The result is a readable and ingenious essay in fiction that is based on an actual public sensation-story. Take two brilliant and unstable middle-aged young men; throw in drink, sexual disturbance, a spot of high life and more than a spot of low; let them vanish unexpectedly in circumstances of official scandal—and what better basis for an intriguing little 'conte'? None whatever, but an intriguing 'conte' is not the same as a valid, historical study; and two characters rather slickly modelled on the spoilt-undergraduate-plus-gin system will hardly do service for Burgess and Maclean.

### South to Sicily

By Seán O'Faoláin. Collins. 16s.

### Apulian Summer

By Michael Lloyd. Heinemann. 15s.

A few years ago Mr. O'Faoláin published *A Summer in Italy* in which he wrote of his discovery of Italy in his middle-age with something of the innocence of a love-smitten young man. It was a warm, personal book, charming to read but a little unsure of itself over matters of Kulchur. *South to Sicily* is written in the same manner—short, evocative impressions—but Mr. O'Faoláin is now an old Italian hand; his use of the language itself has improved enormously, and he no longer roams round gasping at the wonders. Southern Italy is, of course, not so full of wonders as the north, but even when he arrives in so staggering a town as Lecce Mr. O'Faoláin keeps his mouth and eyes well under control. He writes informatively on architecture but he is at his best with the human scene. He brilliantly captures the atmosphere of the annual ceremony in Naples when St. Januarius' blood bubbles; he writes of this and other miracles with the tolerant scepticism of the intelligent Catholic born. Indeed he sometimes cocks a gentle snook at the Puritanism of Graham Greene. His chapter on the stigmatic, Padre Pio, is a fascinating impression, and he takes quite for granted both the beauty and meaning of the stigmata and its psychosomatic origin.

Mr. O'Faoláin is a little disappointing in his chapters on Apulia and Sicily; he manages to write of Apulia without once mentioning that the heel of Italy was once Magna Graecia—and that fact is a key to understanding it. Both here and in Sicily he seems unable really to apprehend the classical past and in consequence his impressions seem to have been seen through a veil. The last section of the book deals with Calabria and with

the agricultural revolution which is taking place there under American-Italian control. Mr. O'Faoláin tells us that he is of peasant stock and that must explain the excited empathy with which he writes of the peasants' problems and the appalling system of *latifundia* which has kept them near to starvation for so many centuries. Most of the rest of the book is a delight to read, written as it is in pungent prose, but it is in this Calabrian section that something is said because Mr. O'Faoláin had to say it.

Readers may doubt whether Mr. Lloyd had to write the essays on Apulia and Oxford which make up *Apulian Summer*. Mr. Lloyd, now thirty-one, looks back on his discovery of Italy as a young soldier, and to his other time of discovery at Oxford. He is interested in the architectural aspect of places to such an extent that he forgets that people must live in towns. He banishes them from his work, but continually gives buildings human attributes. Thus: 'How stately the Camera had become, like a woman holding moonlight up in a gown to her breasts'. This image-packed prose so dazzles that meaning does not become necessary—until the brilliance dims and interest begins to flag. But Mr. Lloyd is a promising writer and much of *Apulian Summer* is of interest.

### Pioneers of English Education

Edited by A. V. Judges. Faber. 25s.

In a disarming introduction, in which he anticipates the most obvious criticisms of his book, Professor Judges explains its ancestry and purpose. It is a sequel to another series of lectures at King's College, published twenty-five years ago under the title *The Schools of England* and edited by Professor Dover Wilson. It seeks to show in a series of seven biographical studies that 'the impetus to experiment and change', which transformed the educational scene in this country, came not from the great continental reformers, but largely from Englishmen. The editor himself, and six others engaged in the formal study of education in the universities, each deals with one of the 'pioneers' chosen deliberately, perhaps, to form a group which defies classification: Robert Owen, Bentham, Kay-Shuttleworth, John Henry Newman, Herbert Spencer, Matthew Arnold and W. E. Forster, about not all of whom has anything fresh been found to say.

To the biographical studies have been added two other lectures, a prologue on 'The English Tradition in Education' by Sir Philip Morris and an epilogue on 'The Twentieth-Century Administrator' by Sir John Maud. Had the present editor followed the example of his predecessor who sent the manuscript of the first lecture in his series to all the contributors, his book might have had greater unity and point. Certainly the part of the school, 'the essential and indispensable unit of education', would have been more fully recognised. It is in the nature of this book that it should give less attention to the work of the often anonymous 'educator'—Sir John Maud's word—than to administrators and publicists. One example must serve. The account of the scientific movement is attached to the name of Herbert Spencer—'a quintessential Philistine', Professor Lauwerys calls him—one of the journalists of education, not a pioneer. His *Education, Intellectual, Moral and Physical* appeared in 1861. Nothing is said of those who had already made science a serious study at Rugby, of Kelvin equipping a physical laboratory at Glasgow in 1846, of those who founded the Natural Sciences Tripos at Cambridge in 1848 and the Final Honours School at Oxford in 1852.

Of the biographical chapters those on John Henry Newman and Matthew Arnold are the best. Newman's pre-eminent field was the Victorian dilemma—how to make man intellectually



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free, yet religious. Matthew Arnold was 'The Prophet of Culture' and the first great inspector of schools. He was also, as we are reminded in the chapter on W. E. Forster, at the elbow of three Ministers responsible for government policy

during a formative period, 'illuminating what might have been a barren positivistic road, and moderating the fierce assaults of the individualistic nonconformists on the one side and the dead weight of vested apathy on the other'. That

this book is not always easy going is illustrated by this quotation. But an interested reader will learn from it a good deal about some of the varied men and influences that have shaped educational change in this country since 1800.

## New Novels

*Requiem for a Nun.* By William Faulkner. Chatto and Windus. 11s. 6d.

*The New Town.* By Mervyn Jones. Cape. 15s.

*Who Goes Home.* By Maurice Edelman. Wingate. 10s. 6d.

*Four City Days.* By Robert Travers. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

SUFFERERS from influenza are notorious pessimists: long after temperature drops back to normal the world appears to them in its dreariest and most depressing aspects. I cannot, however, feel that the gloom which invaded me as I read this week's novels was entirely subjective. It is an extraordinary fact, which has not ceased to surprise me for many years now, how little the average modern novelist seems to care about creating a world the reader would want to live in; not a never-never land of unflinching sweetness, light and good fortune, of course, but a place—like *David Copperfield's* Yarmouth and London or *The Rainbow's* Nottinghamshire—which contains enough of the mystery, dignity and adventurous possibility of life for the characters to become credible and interesting. Not so Mr. Mervyn Jones' *New Town*, where the human beings are all petty, in petty destinies, and the only mystery is why anybody is expected to sympathise for a minute with the prig-hero; nor Mr. Edelman's *Mother of Parliaments* in the age of the Welfare State, which makes one feel that while one wasn't looking, or was asleep, the original inhabitants of England had been driven out and supplanted by a barbarian race who kept the old forms of life without understanding or caring about their civilised meaning; nor Mr. Travers' transatlantic city waterfront, the dominant feature of which, more real than any of the people portrayed, is a decomposing body in a barrel of cement, a reek which follows one from almost the first page to the last. My temperature began to rise again, the blackest pessimism to gain hold; and then I picked up *Requiem for a Nun*, and found myself—guess where—yes, back in dear old Yoknapatawpha County among the rapes and murders, but in a world big enough for God as well as man; and I promptly felt better.

The story introduces Temple Drake and Gavin Stevens, the lawyer, again, but the central character is Nancy Mannigoe, Temple's Negro nursemaid who is accused and convicted of the murder of Temple's baby. To Temple's husband, Gowan, and to Temple herself when she is speaking in his presence, Nancy is 'a nigger whore, a drunkard, a dope fiend', but she goes to her execution with a calm and beautiful resignation. From the beginning one suspects that the true story is not quite the same as the ostensible story revealed at the trial; but the way in which the heroism and selflessness of Nancy's action are gradually disclosed, is a wonderful example of Faulkner's power of dramatic suspense, as of his understanding of what can sway the human heart in the deepest crises of our moral life. The great central scene, where Temple confesses to the Governor, is indeed one of the most powerful that Faulkner has ever written, with its ironic ending in which Temple discovers that the Governor has decided long before: 'Who am I, to have the brazen temerity and hardihood to set the puny appanage of my office in the balance against that simple undeviable aim? Who am I, to render null and abrogate the purchase she made with

that poor crazed lost and worthless life?'

These scenes are written as for a play, and sandwiched between long, rhapsodical excursions into the history of the settings in which the action takes place, the Courthouse, the Golden Dome, and the Gaol. It is a curious device, and I cannot think that it really comes off. The rhapsodies are remarkably successful in themselves, but are made too remote from the tense, foreground drama by this process of splitting off, so that the depth, the philosophical perspective the story should have been given by being viewed against the two centuries or so of Jefferson's local history is lost. Nevertheless, Faulkner is a great poet and tragedian, and even in these hectic flashes the Master stands out unmistakably.

Mr. Mervyn Jones wrote a first novel, *No Time to be Young*, which was praised for its freshness, gaiety, and warmth of feeling. Alas, these qualities are far to seek in his second novel, and one must hope that *The New Town* is only a temporary aberration in Mr. Jones' career; for in spite of its technical surface polish it is more an explosion of frustrated left-wing enthusiasm than a work of imaginative art. Harry Peterson, a former schoolmaster, finds himself after the war in charge of one of the New Town projects, located somewhere on the Essex coast. He is full of idealism and belief in the transformation of Britain the New Towns symbolise; but the first fine careless rapture seems to abandon almost everyone except Harry as time goes by, and the story records his struggle with workers who don't want to be moved into it, old-established local inhabitants who fight tooth and nail against its smug advance, and high-up bureaucrats who betray it for the sake of a new oil refinery, part of strategic planning and built by American interests. The final humiliation for Harry comes when his wife Angela, who is far gone in booze and has been carrying on with the local (reactionary, of course) he-man, files a petition against him in the middle of an election in which he is standing as an Independent in defence of the New Town, alleging his misconduct with his secretary, Jill. This ruins him; but oddly enough one's sympathies go to Angela and not to Harry, whose neuter self-righteousness and lack of interest in anything except community-centres would be enough to drive any mate to despairing acts of protest. A modern British drama: but Mr. Jones manages to create no element of tragedy (or comedy for that matter) from his material, and the final effect is drab and claustrophobic.

Mr. Edelman has set himself a difficult task in *Who Goes Home*. Those of us, still in the majority, who have never been able to put M.P. after our names, are bound to be inquisitive about what goes on inside the Palace of Westminster, but in order to gratify this curiosity in a novel, Mr. Edelman has been obliged to invent a fictitious Prime Minister, Leader of the Opposition, and so on. The real holders of these offices are too vividly before our eyes, and the result is inevitably that these characters are

diminished and we cannot fully believe in them. This unreality, this smallness, then affects all the other characters, so that Erskine, the rising politician who has just negotiated a new Anglo-American agreement but is brought low by shady intrigues because he refuses to be corrupted, never seems quite three-dimensional enough to be a tragic figure. Perhaps it is also because Mr. Edelman has attempted too much in too small a space, that his legislators' private lives and private dramas never seem more than summary sketches; but the book, if not taken too seriously, is good reading and carries one forward with considerable narrative skill.

It is curious to note in both these books how black the journalists are painted—it is a cynical journalist who engineers the plot against Harry Peterson in *The New Town*, and another embittered and licentious son of Fleet Street who works to ruin Erskine in *Who Goes Home*—and how Americans appear somehow to be the ultimate villains. One gets the impression that the nerve-strained pigmy inhabitants of these islands regard them with a mixture of terror and awe, rather as the ancients regarded the Olympians, living a life of power, splendour—and damage—remote from our reach. It is disappointing, therefore, when one comes to the American scene in *Four City Days*, to find that the life depicted there is just as drab, and that though there is plenty of damage there is precious little splendour. Mr. Travers, in spite of some conventional imitative tricks that are almost obligatory in a young American novelist's style today, shows that he can write, and I hope that in his next novel he will find a way of engaging our deeper sympathies. As presented by Mr. Travers, the story of Harry Cooke, the elderly undertaker who works for the City authorities and can be trusted to keep his mouth shut, but suddenly decides he cannot keep it shut in the case of the bumped-off leader of the longshoremen, did not really stir me: it is not merely the simplification that all who are not oppressed are either sold or crooked, but that Mr. Travers has not yet learned how to make one care enough about his characters.

Also recommended, for excellent light entertainment, is Margaret Kennedy's *Troy Chimneys* (Macmillan, 11s. 6d.), the story of an imaginary Regency character with a double personality. I wish I could say more on this occasion of an author for whom I have had a foible ever since the delectable day of adolescence when I opened *The Constant Nymph*. Paul Chadburn's *Treble Chance* (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) pleases by the genuine *frisson* of horror that runs through it against the Welfare State in the dreadful moment when it seemed to equal the Spiv State, also for the author's feeling for the remoter byways of London. *In the Absence of Angels* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.) is a collection of stories by another author from the New Yorker stable, but just a trifle too often Miss Hortense Callisher betrays, beneath the skilful manipulation and the sophistication, an uncertainty of sensibility both in the matter of human situations and of words.

JOHN LEHMANN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## TELEVISION

### Up the Garden Path

FOR THE HAUNTED HOUSE programme which came from the crumbling Elizabethan mansion of Hall Place, Bexley, in Kent, no marks out of ten. I have not heard a television programme more scathingly mentioned by viewers of my acquaintance than this was the next day. Their groans of disapproval were as loud as those supposed to chill our spines during the transmission last Wednesday night. Here I pause to reflect whether I am trespassing into the domain of my colleague whose business it is on this page to write about television entertainment. The programme was supported by actuality, though not of the kind we were enticed into expecting. The cameras were installed in what was heavily put

by the company of someone who has had much recent experience as a hospital patient. Exclamations of incredulity, dismay, impatience, soon began to punctuate the semi-darkness. A ward sister would *not* announce in a loud defiant voice for all to hear that a patient had died in the night. A nurse would be most unlikely to give a back answer to a sister. And so on. Having no personal knowledge of these details, I am prepared to believe that my advisory convalescent judged fairly. What I still more resolutely could not accept was the banality of the new nurse's Poona-style father, brought in, clumsily, to make the point that old-fashioned objections to a nursing career for one's daughter still persist. One could see the producer trying

for unity, feeling his way hopefully towards an organically convincing result. He did not reach it. A commonplace script had once again led him into tedious fabrications. The B.B.C. Television Service backs his considerable experience with opportunity and resources. He came nearest to justifying them, I think, in his programme about the barristers some months ago. The touch is never finally satisfying, never inspired.

Like the latest edition of 'London Town', the programme which was to

be doubling for Wilfred Pickles: same tone, same accent, somehow distracting. The 'London Town' treatment, set into a formula of clichés, is in danger of becoming monotonous. Facing problems unlikely to be realised by most of us viewers, its producer, Stephen McCormack, has done well in his selection and management of the material at his command. He should think of new ways of serving it up. The present recipe never quite does justice to a mighty theme.

'Press Conference', on space exploration, gave new significance to a *démodé* word, 'escapism'. Evading all the philosophic implications, the programme must have been a tremendous thrill for adolescent viewers and their *Eagle*-educated juniors. The spokesman for the Interplanetary Society had all the answers, without disclosing whether he himself would be a volunteer for



Embroidering the Queen's Coronation Robe at the Royal School of Needlework. This formed the subject of a television programme on February 12



As seen by viewers: two heads from 'The Gospel in Stone' on February 8



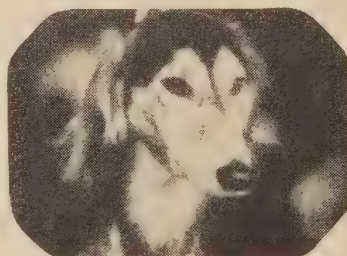
'Home Town—Doncaster', on February 9: left, portrait of Colonel John St. Leger in the racecourse offices; right, model of the old High Street

over as authentic historical background. That, I think, gives me right of comment. My comment is that 'Visit to a Haunted House' was a disservice to television's growing prestige. It led us all up the Hall Place garden, an unappreciated joke except for one bit of brilliant trickery by members of the Magic Circle, for it turned out that it was they who had staged this allegedly bloodcurdling beanfeast.

It is pertinent to state at this point that in the last few days the Controller of Television Programmes, Cecil McGivern, told a press conference that television is short of ideas and that 'really very few' are sent in from outside. Thus again is exposed a weakness more than once emphasised in this place, that television needs somewhere up at the top the experience and inventiveness of a first-class editorial brain. The B.B.C. has always, except under the duress of war, tended to jib at that kind of help, which must be drawn from what it apparently regards as unhallowed sources.

During the fortnight, Robert Barr came back with a documentary study of hospital nurses in training, entitled, neatly enough, 'Under Her Skilled Hand'. My viewing of it was fortified

capture the spirit of Doncaster in the 'Home Town' series was a sort of fly's-eye view in which we seemed to be looking in several directions at once. Memory retains only a blurred impression in which one or two segments stand out: at Doncaster, the visit to the refugees' club and the vicar's daughter doing her dance from 'Brigadoon', out of balance in length but charming; in 'London Town', the call at the College of Arms, worth a programme on its own. The Doncaster commentator, Philip Robinson, might have



Two entries in Cruft's Dog Show, televised on February 6: a Saluki and a Boxer



'Visit to a Haunted House' on February 11: Hall Place, Bexley; and the magic ball in the old banquet hall

Photographs: John Cura



the first rocket jaunt to the moon. It was refreshing to be faced by a speaker with such a firm grasp of his subject. In that sense he provided one of the best interviews of the 'Press Conference' series. This is a programme that should have a long run. I wonder, by the way, whether its tenacious and otherwise commendable chairman, William Clark, can be induced to modify the somewhat intimidating severity of his expression.

Sir Will Darling, M.P., was decorated for valour in the first world war. Nearly forty years later his courage remains undimmed. Growling like a mastiff, he attacked dog-lovers in 'In the News'. Except for those few sizzling moments, it strikes me that 'In the News' has gone off the boil.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Foreign Correspondence

IT IS A HIGH MOMENT when, as the third act begins, Shakespeare hurtles with the storm into 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre'. Before this the Levantine adventuring has been a half-hearted conducted tour through Antioch, Tyre, Tarsus, and Pentapolis; we do not wonder at Ben Jonson's distaste. Then, of a sudden, the voice of Pericles and of Shakespeare sounds on ship-board in 'Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges'. We have had the excitement twice or thrice on the stage in late years: it returned in Raymond Raikes' production (Third) on Sunday, a revival, neatly gummied together, that did much for the grimmer passages and let the best of the play announce itself. During one early speech, Pericles, considering the enigma, has the phrases, 'fair glass of light', and 'Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime'. We might apply them to the sections of the wandering drama, this Shakespearean and mock-Shakespearean foreign correspondence.

Michael Hordern's fervour held the play together. He had a voice more mature in the early scenes than we have come to expect from a Pericles. Later he gave full quality to the Storm and the Recognition. Marina (Diana Maddox) was a spirited young woman, not just milky-mild but well able to guard herself in the stews of Mitylene. And how wise to cast Leon Quartermaine as Cerimon! Nobody has tones more healing: to hear him linger upon the word 'cures' was to know the physician's faith; and could anyone have uttered more beautifully the word 'gold' and the name 'Philemon'? Cyril Shaps fought with the maladroitness of Gower. And it was not Mr. Raikes' fault that Marina, at Mitylene, reached Pericles something less than a minute after being summoned. That is the dramatist's responsibility. No wonder that Marina says she has 'been gazed on like a comet'.

We were in foreign parts again during Honor Tracy's feature, 'Foreign Correspondent' (Third), with Miss Tracy's own voice in plaintive narration. A Correspondent's life is less romantic than some might think. Miss Tracy showed how awkward it is to be 'objective' in Prague and 'correct' in Budapest; how a charming telephonist (Norman Shelley as Mr. Smith) at the London end is quite ready to believe that you are speaking of 'white gloves' fluttering around the dome of St. Peter's; and how Foreign Editors, cabling in their horrible lingo, 'sorriest', 'urgentest', 'outpoint', can be the most maddening of taskmasters. The programme, with its gentle ironies, will help us to think better of Mr. (or Miss) Poppycock when we next read the despatches from abroad.

Owing to attendance upon Pericles in Mitylene and Ephesus, I missed the first twenty minutes of Giles Cooper's 'The Owl and the

Pussy Cat' (Light). The last forty minutes were curiously thin. It seemed to be a plan for a play that the author had not filled out. Although there were obviously the makings of a piece in the week-end exploits of James and Amelia at Deauville and Monte Carlo, this appeared to be the work of a Foreign Correspondent who had sent only the vaguest of stories. Sulwen Morgan was cheerful about it in the appropriate pussy-cat manner. 'Autumn Gold' (Home), which took us as far abroad as the west coast of Ireland, had almost too much in it: lost Armada treasure, an illicit distillery, an old Abbey, a sinister Spaniard, parchments, a sliding panel ('Slide the panel, Bosun!'), and a pair of identical twins with far from identical lives. The dramatist, Lionel Brown, had put everything he knew into this box of tricks; and the cast, under David H. Godfrey, tried sternly, if not always successfully, to take everything out. Stephen Murray had a bold drive at the twins, though he might have offered the listeners more vocal aid to identification.

There is time only to remark upon the wisdom and grace that Patric Dickinson, poet speaking to poet, can bring to such a feature as his 'Edward Thomas' (Third). Finally, the last 'Educating Archie' (Light) of the present series was enlivened by the tones—those of a frivolous macaw—that Beryl Reid discovers for the insufferable Monica. 'Aren't I the absolute terminus!', she says. Well put.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### In Court

THREE WEEKS AGO *Radio Times*, under 'Both Sides of the Microphone', announced that 'Under-20 Parade' would stage a mock trial on the two following Tuesdays. It all arose out of a remark let fall by Gilbert Harding in the course of a television programme called 'What's My Line?' The remark ran: 'This spoon-fed and spineless younger generation', and it fell upon the ears of Tony Gibson, the producer of 'Under-20 Parade'. Bristling with professional indignation, Mr. Gibson forthwith invited Mr. Harding to defend his statement at 'an entirely unrehearsed and unscripted mock trial' at which the younger generation, as represented by Wynford Vaughan Thomas, would charge him with defamation of character. In accepting the invitation and undertaking to defend himself 'with vigour and gusto', Mr. Harding handsomely admitted that 'elderly and short-tempered bachelors sometimes say more than they mean and do not always say it wisely'. Claud Mullins assumed the office of President of the Court.

At first sight it seemed that the thing was planned as a light-hearted entertainment, and so it was—very light-hearted and highly entertaining—but it was also something more, for each side called witnesses who were either young people themselves, or elders—the matron of a large hospital, a police official, a bus conductor, and others—who officially or unofficially were closely in touch with the younger generation. These were asked serious questions and gave serious answers, some supporting, others opposing the man Harding's statement. Seldom, if ever, has an unrehearsed and unscripted or, for that matter, a carefully prepared programme, gone with such a bang. Mr. Harding not only fulfilled his promise to defend himself with vigour and gusto; at moments he displayed also the startling precision of a machine-gun, and Mr. Vaughan Thomas responded with an eloquence which was never for the fraction of a second at a loss for a word. When the case was resumed last week Claud Mullins was unable to

preside and his place was taken by Wyn Griffiths. This programme was not only a useful enquiry into the outlook and manners of the younger generation, but an admirable entertainment into the bargain.

In 'Colonial Students in Britain', Tom Hopkinson questioned students from six colonies about their experiences while studying in this country, their feelings towards us their hosts, and the effect of their visit on their outlook on life. Their answers were always extremely interesting. Sometimes they showed that the speakers had been able to form close friendships over here, but several of them seemed to feel that they had not been received on completely equal terms. I wondered, while listening to them, if they sometimes attributed to 'colour prejudice' the slight mistrust which some English people feel for any foreigner, no matter what his colour. These programmes, one hopes, are valuable in proving to visitors from the colonies that there is a widespread desire here to listen to their views and to improve our relations with them.

For reasons which are hidden from me, the Third Programme holds that the short story should be administered to its flock in very small doses and not too often. However, it has allowed us now and then, of late, some brief and delightful excerpts from the Russian Prishvin's 'The Lake and the Woods', and last week, greatly daring, it provided another Russian story, 'The Keeper of the Post Horse Station', by Pushkin, a beautiful tale which lasted no less than thirty-five minutes. It was read by Carleton Hobbs, and for me it was pure pleasure.

I hope its success will encourage the Third Programme to abandon all restraint and give us longer and longer stories—up to an hour, say. Why not?

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### French Classics

WE SEEM TO BE in for a course of French classical opera, hitherto a little-explored field and one which it is really useless to enter without preparation. For though Lully's art ran parallel with Purcell's, discovering (Italian though he was) a musical style for the French language, as Purcell's did for the English, the parallels do not meet. Purcell's 'operas' are, with one exception, plays with incidental music, and the exception was a modest piece designed for amateurs and quite incomparable with Lully's grand Court entertainments. And dramatically Lully was moving in the world of Racine and Corneille, who stand at the opposite pole to Shakespeare. Given also the conventions of baroque opera with its emphasis on spectacular scenery and complex 'machines', we are at a far remove indeed from Lully and his contemporaries.

The listener might look, therefore, for enlightenment and instruction upon these matters to Michael Tippett, the first of whose talks purported to deal with music and poetry in the theatre of 'the Greeks, the Renaissance and the French Classicists'. But Mr. Tippett is not given to clarity of exposition; he involved the essence of his thought in such a woolly cocoon of fantasy and side-issues, that I often found it difficult to make out what he was driving at. Perhaps his talk would be more intelligible on paper—but here I trench upon the preserves of my colleague in the next chair, who (I greatly fear) has passed his nasty germs on to me! We had more help from Denis Stevens' introduction to the excerpts from the 'Médée' of Marc-Antoine Charpentier.

'Médée' is possibly inferior to Lully's 'Armide' by absolute standards. There is nothing in what we heard of Charpentier's score





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to match the imagination of the music depicting Armide's enchantments. But, perhaps just because Charpentier was less strict in his adherence to the rules and admitted some Italianate graces, his opera made the better programme. It was interesting, none the less, to be able to compare Lully's 'Armide' with Gluck's, which we heard a year ago with the same excellent protagonist, Suzanne Danco. For some reason Mme. Danco's diction was less clear than usual, e.g. in her performance of Ravel's 'Shéhérazade' at the Wednesday Symphony Concert. Richard Lewis sang the parts of Renaud and Jason with his customary good musicianship and sense of style. But Patricia Neway seemed to me miscast as Medea; the music does not allow

for the intensities she can so well communicate, and it demands a style and a steadiness of voice she does not command. The restraint with which the intense passions of a Medea or an Armide are presented is a chief bar to our appreciation of the dramatic quality of the French classics.

The immediate response of an orchestra to a conductor's direction remains a cause for astonishment. Last week the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra played on one night with flowing, shapely phrases and firm string-tone in the 'Prague' Symphony under Pierre Monteux, and gave a French accent and (I thought) a quite erroneous interpretation, missing most of the idiosyncratic charm and many of the points, to Elgar's 'Enigma' Variations, which they have

played so often in an entirely different way. And, then, on another evening, the same band gave under a different baton a lumpy performance of 'Leonora No. 2' that was like a badly made suet pudding.

Ghedini's version of Max Beerbohm's 'The Happy Hypocrite' was good radio-opera. The composer has a flair for suggesting atmosphere and character in a few deft musical strokes, and the part of Jenny Mere is a 'gift' to the lovely light soprano of Mme. Pagliughi, which retains all its youthful freshness. I thought the Narrator had rather too much to say; Ghedini handled this device for getting over the ground of his story with more discretion in 'Billy Budd'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## A Composer of the French Revolution

By WINTON DEAN

Music from Méhul's operas will be broadcast at 9.10 p.m. on Sunday, February 22 (Third)

ETIENNE MÉHUL is one of those composers who seem to fall between the generations. Half-way in age between Mozart and Beethoven almost to the day (he was born in June 1763), he became one of the leaders of French opera in the troubled interregnum that separates Gluck from Meyerbeer and Rossini. Like his contemporary and friend Cherubini, he seems to face both ways, backward to the formal eighteenth century and forward to the romantics. Like Cherubini again, he handled themes redolent of the new age with the Hellenic detachment of Gluck. He made experiments in orchestration that anticipated (if they did not influence) Berlioz, and parodied the so-called Rossini crescendo (in the one-act *opéra-comique* 'L'Irato', appropriately dedicated to Napoleon), when that precocious youth was still in his ninth year. Méhul was a contradictory character in more personal ways. He was a fanatical revolutionary with a passion for growing tulips, a serious and learned artist so afraid of appearing deficient in craftsmanship that he was forever chasing canons and abstruse modulations, and a composer of short *opéras-comiques* who dreamed of a national festival opera to be sung by the entire population of Paris divided into choirs of 300,000 voices.

He had the advantage, comparatively rare among French opera composers before 1860, of being born a Frenchman. Cynics might call it a disadvantage, for even in his own day he scarcely ranked with Cherubini and Spontini. Born of poor parents in the Ardennes (his father was a cook), he had little systematic education in music; this may be partly responsible for his later sensitiveness to criticism and his uncertainties of style, two features in which he recalls Meyerbeer, though he never indulged in vulgar playing to the gallery. Gluck's 'Iphigénie en Tauride', whose first performance he attended as a youth, made a lasting impression on his mind. He received encouragement and some lessons from Gluck, who is said to have undertaken his instruction in 'the philosophical and poetical parts of music' (which probably means opera) and to have deflected him from church music to the stage. Between 1790 and 1807 he had twenty-four operas produced (four in 1802 alone), though many of them were very short and some were written in collaboration. His later years were darkened by tuberculosis and disillusionment with Napoleon, whose earlier achievements he had celebrated in a mass and several cantatas; he died in October 1817.

Méhul's rise coincided with the most turbulent years of the French Revolution. Periods of political convulsion are always difficult for

artists, since they churn up the surface of life without providing any help on problems of style and communication. It is only later, when genius has had time to work out a fresh synthesis, that the new drift becomes clear. In France the old *opéra-comique* of Grétry and Monsigny was suddenly infused with an ideological significance that emerged in librettos based on contemporary events, like Cherubini's 'Les Deux Journées', but produced no corresponding efflorescence in the music: the single masterpiece born of this movement, Beethoven's 'Fidelio', appeared later and elsewhere. At the same time the convulsion hastened the break-up of the old courtly international style; it was no longer possible for a young composer to glide easily with the stream, which was contorted by eddies and presently diverged into several channels. Méhul was one of the most self-conscious composers in an increasingly self-conscious age, but not a great enough figure to create his own style. At first, though he produced a number of revolutionary songs and a cantata on Napoleon's victory at the bridge of Lodi, he seems to have preferred classical subjects for his serious operas; his 'Horatius Coclès' (1794) accords well with the Revolution's cultivation of the Roman virtues as a spur to modern heroism. Later he hesitated between the Italian, French and German channels, though it is clear that he regarded Italian methods as unsuitable for serious opera. 'L'Irato' (1801), intended perhaps as a burlesque of *opéra buffa* conventions, savours of Cimarosa; 'Le Trésor supposé' (1802) owes more to Grétry; 'Joseph' (1807) is a direct descendant of Gluck and has affinities with 'Fidelio' and the early Weber, not to mention Cherubini.

This lack of a personal accent is emphasised by a weakness in melodic invention; Méhul seldom wrote a tune that haunts the memory, as Gluck, Weber, and Rossini so often did; and in a discontinuous form like *opéra-comique* (to which even a serious work like 'Joseph' belongs by virtue of its spoken dialogue), this is a heavy handicap. He is generally at his best in concerted pieces, where his gift for modulation and the structural use of rhythmic ostinato figures enables him to work up a genuine dramatic tension while sustaining the musical interest. In these respects he resembles Spontini and Halévy. The ensembles of 'Joseph' show real resource in the construction of climaxes out of short motives in the orchestra, but the solo airs have faded. Julien Tiersot's ranking of this opera above Handel's 'Israel in Egypt' for dignity and sonority seems little short of grotesque. Handel himself set the story of Joseph in an

oratorio, and both his work and Méhul's fall down at the same point: the static nature of the story, which is scarcely suited to large-scale dramatic treatment. Each composer brings only one character to life—the conscience-stricken Simeon—and each is hampered by a libretto of irredeemable insipidity. Méhul's Joseph combines the fatuous clemency of Metastasio's Titus with the tearful sensibility of a Sterne hero. The proceedings are far more statuesque than in any of Gluck's late operas. Méhul's serious operas are generally considered his best; and apart from the power of their ensembles and the respect they win for the composer's grave sincerity, they are historically interesting for their orchestration. In 'Uthal' the greyness of an Ossianic subject is matched by an orchestra without violins; and 'Ariodant' and other operas contain experiments in sonority, especially among the brass instruments.

'Joseph' is the only opera of Méhul's that is ever revived today, though it is possible that an unpretentious comedy might come up fresher on the stage than a more ambitious opera that partly misfires. But it is his overtures that are most likely to keep his name alive. 'Le Trésor supposé', the slightest of one-act comedies, has an overture of sterling vitality that modulates with a freedom as successful as it is apparently capricious. Others approach, albeit at a distance, the romantic tone-poetry of the Weber overtures, for instance 'Le Jeune Henri' with its horn flourishes and the delightful 'Les deux Aveugles de Tolède' with its Spanish local colour and almost Schubertian alternations of major and minor. The more grandiose overtures like 'Timoléon' (1794) are less successful; the full battery of brass and percussion suggests rather too literally the aggressive posturing of the Revolution's first expansion across the frontiers. Méhul attempted the symphony and the sonata, and one at least of his symphonies is not that of the opera composer who has strayed from his beat; it has more contrapuntal than lyrical interest and a flavour somewhere between Haydn and early Schubert.

In an age less torn by distractions Méhul might have produced a minor masterpiece. As it was, the tensions remained unresolved and he scarcely realised his full potentialities. We are left contrasting the exuberance of his political opinions with the restraint and respectability of his music—a state of affairs not unfamiliar in ideological composers of our own age. But such minor figures diversify the background of every transitional period, and not only harrow the ground for those who come after but set the great in perspective.





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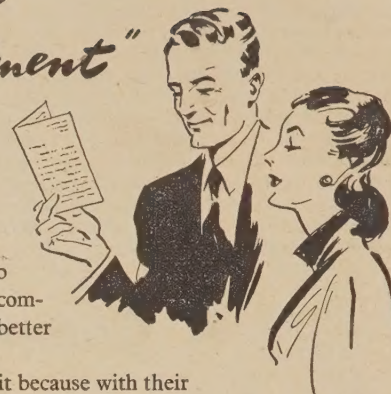


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For the Housewife

## Home-made Marmalade

By ANN HARDY

THE flavour of home-made Seville orange marmalade is incomparable, and it is much cheaper than the least expensive of the manufactured marmalades. There are many varieties of this nice form of preserve, for all the citrus fruits make good marmalade, but to my mind the Seville orange is outstanding for flavour. There are other bitter oranges, some from Palermo in Sicily, but they have not the flavour of the Seville. To most people sugar is a problem, but you can get over this by preserving the pulp in jars just as you would ordinary bottled fruit. You can then bring it out and finish it as sugar becomes available.

The first stage of marmalade-making is the preparation of the pulp. Use 1 lb. of Seville oranges to 3 pints of water. After washing the oranges, remove the peel, shred it, cut up the pulp, and cover the whole with the water. In shredding the peel you will probably accept majority rule in your family over the thick or thin problem. Some people like it coarse or medium cut; others scorn any but the shredded, jelly variety. I always put the pips in a basin and cover them with some of the measured water. It is the pectin in fruit that makes it set, and the pips are very rich in pectin.

Having prepared your pulp, let it stand for twenty-four hours. This softens the peel. The pips, too, will have formed a jelly, which you strain and add to the pulp. Now it is ready to be boiled gently until the shreds are tender—about three-quarters of an hour. The liquid evaporates slightly—that is as it should be, pro-

viding you do not go to the other extreme and let it reduce too much. Now weigh it, and add 1 lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of pulp. Add also the juice of two lemons to every sixteen oranges used.

This brings us to the final stage: boiling the sugar and pulp. Once the sugar is added and thoroughly stirred, the mixture should be boiled rapidly until it sets. This again takes about three-quarters of an hour: the time depends to a certain extent on the quantity you are making. To test for setting, put a little on a saucer in a cold place for a few minutes. If, when you tilt the saucer, the mixture starts to wrinkle it is setting, and should be taken off the heat at once. Pour it into warm jars and seal immediately.

Now for the snags. The marmalade can burn if you are not careful. It is best made in an aluminium preserving pan. Some cooks rub the bottom of the pan with a very little butter to prevent sticking. Then, of course, scum rises continuously and this must be skimmed off. Sometimes, after the preserve has been made for a few weeks, you may find mould forming on the top. This usually means it is insufficiently cooked, so remove the mould and boil it up again. Alternatively, you may find that it has become sugary and hard. That means it is overcooked, and the only thing to do is to scrape a jar out into a pan as you need it, bring it to melting point, pour it back into the jar, and it will remain soft for the short time that jar is being used.

The shredding can be a tedious task, but it is worth it in the end. However, if you are

pressed for time, put the peel through the mincer: it still turns out a delicious marmalade. And one other point. If you have any of last year's stock left, do not be too virtuous about it and eat it up before you start on the fresh. If you do you will miss the best of the flavour of the new, and that would be a pity.—*Home Service*

## Notes on Contributors

CHARLES JANSON (page 287): formerly Paris correspondent of *The Economist*

G. S. PHYLACTOPOULOS (page 289): teacher at Athens College (secondary school): during the war was attached to the Greek General Staff and member of Greek missions to the United Nations

ERIC WEIL (page 290): Professor at the Ecole Pratique de Hautes Etudes de la Sorbonne; co-editor of *Critique*

RONALD L. MEEK (page 295): Lecturer in Political Economy, Glasgow University

V. S. PRITCHETT (page 297): literary critic and author of *Marching Spain*, *The Spanish Virgin*, *Books in General*, etc.

REV. G. W. ANDERSON (page 302): Lecturer in Theology, Birmingham University

ROBERT SPEAIGHT (page 308): actor, publisher, and author of *Thomas Becket*, *Drama since 1939*, etc.

SIR PHILIP HENDY (page 312): Director of the National Gallery since 1946; author of *Giovanni Bellini*, *Spanish Painting*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,190. Alphabetical Jigsaw—III. By Tyke

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 26

Every light (including those of three letters, which are not clued) conforms to the following rules:—If it has an odd number of letters, those from the first to the central letter are in alphabetical order and those from the central letter to the last in the reverse of alphabetical order (e.g. BIG, PRUNE or GOORKHA). If it has an even number of letters, the central pair are the same and a similar

definition then applies (e.g. COTTON). A few words used (of the type BOO or COOMB or BLOTTED) satisfy the letter if not the spirit of the definition. No indication is given of the place of each light in the square, which, like the unclued words, is to be deduced from the given rules. With the exception of 35 and 38, 'definition' clues are based on *Chambers*.

## 7-LETTER WORDS

1. A meeting of Bards has a thorny start.
2. Watered down synonym for 30 about an old stringed instrument.
3. Monomania—no less—for a gas.
4. Flower that is much the same without its sibilants.
5. Shaped like a tooth.
6. Dried meat obviously needs hasty swallowing.
7. Palliated with explanatory remarks.
8. This flower can be a big one.
9. At the heart of things.
10. 22's goddess in bed, fuddled.
11. An odd tile re-made in triangular form.
12. — with transcendent brightness didst outshine Myriad though bright (Milton).
13. CH<sub>2</sub> COCH<sub>2</sub>.
14. Drag in a legal document to be overwhelmed.
15. Marked with spots of various colours.

## 6-LETTER WORDS

16. Spenser's put an end to taxes imposed.
17. Tobacco residue, used in the manufacture of a well-known disinfectant.
18. Expressed contempt for his snood.
19. Furnished with small rooms.

## 5-LETTER WORDS

20. 'The sacred river' a Greek letter.
21. Non-metallic element (or an imbecile with a bad cold?).
22. Entertain a goddess.
23. Light-coloured tight-rope walker in short.
24. Tropical fibre used for making tiles.
25. Wax-like portion of choice rice-pudding.
26. Sort of Scottish dialect—but it will be Greek to most.
27. Catch hold of a Turkish pipe.
28. Weird feature of the three Riemann space-equations.
29. Suitable adjective to describe 3.
30. The younger son, in disguise, played in a theatre.
31. Was rather ill—a complete set-back for Artemis.

32. Go to part of the Urals for this genus of beautifully crested pigeons.
33. Reconstituted egg and an alternative for a feed.
34. There is almost no use for this animal.
35. Adhesive mud or clay, made from coal-dust and a liquid.
36. A tenth can be provided from small items of hard currency.
37. Hollow-bladed chisel.
38. Even a red cent can be this, one supposes.

## 4-LETTER WORDS

39. Fragrant—but this man is to be sat on.
40. The dog's-tooth grass.

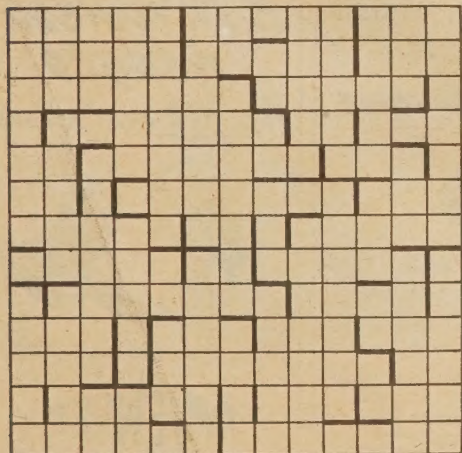
## Solution of No. 1,188

H	U	R	S	T	R	A	T	O	N	I	C	E
N	E	D	H	W	T							
S	A	R	I	N	I	G	E	R	A	G	H	T
D	S	D	R	R	A	E						
Y	G	I	A	C	O	M	O	N	T	A	N	T
E	B	O	O	N	H	O						
O	T	H	E	L	L	O	W	T	O	N	T	I
H	L	A	A	R	I							
M	O	R	G	A	N	D	R	I	N	A	B	B
U	I	C	D	E	S							
U	L	B	O	B	E	R	O	N	P	R	O	T
O	S	L	L	P	N							
E	U	S	O	L	O	M	N	I	C	O	T	

'Vectis' regrets that in the clue 2 Down the character from Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit* should have been Nadgett; although 'Nadgett' fitted the solution, and in 3 Down the character from George Eliot's *Silas Marner* should have been Eppie although 'Eppie' fitted the solution.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Lady Harington (London, N.W.3); 2nd prize: Flt.-Lt. J. P. Mernagh (Saffron Walden); 3rd prize: J. Waylett (London, N.W.1).

CROSSWORD RULES.—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



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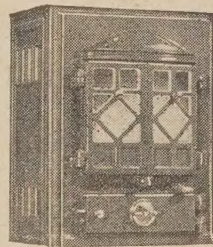
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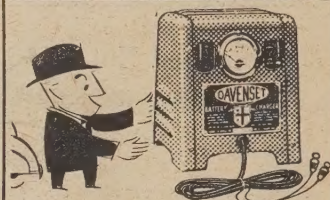
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